

JUNE 1915

THE

Catholic World

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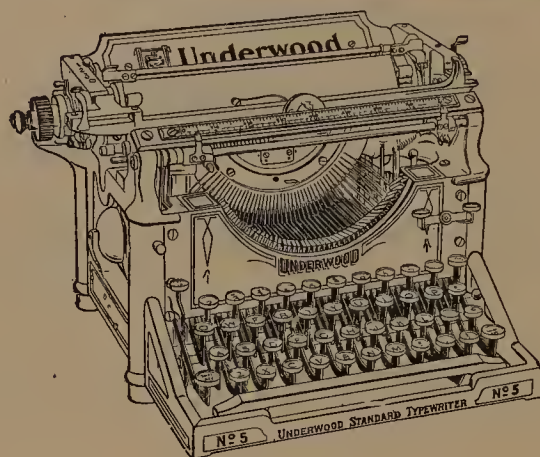
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EVOLUTION AND PROGRESS.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

II.



THINKING it strange that Urania, the Muse of the arts and sciences, should be the only one among her sisters nine allowed to have a say concerning the nature and meaning of that elusive thing called human progress, I took it into my mind one day—a spirit of fairness having seized me—to call upon Clio, the Muse of history, with a view to having her tell me, at such length as might be found convenient, what opinion she held on this, the most vexing topic of the times.

Progress inevitable? Try as I might, I could not see this necessary feature in the idea; and yet in nearly every book that discoursed upon the matter, there it was in bold type before my very eyes—the supposition that progress is not the result of conscious effort, but a law and necessity of our very being. It was, men told me, a thing as sure to come as day to follow night or as seasons in their coursing. Winter might linger on in the lap of spring, but a glorious summer was destined to succeed it; science would see to that, did we but allow sufficient time for its wonder-working sun of promise to appear above the cold horizon. Frankly puzzled I was, and completely at a loss to account for this strange

persuasion, not being familiar as yet with the stages by which it had been brought about; a story I was to learn much later and to no small degree of profit. The easiest way to quell the mind's misgivings in the meanwhile, it seemed to me, was to consult at once with somebody that knew, and this idea no sooner found firm lodgment in my spirit than off I set in quest of the information desired.

I was surprised when, in answer to my summons, the mistress of history appeared. There was nothing of the Sibyl in her appearance, nothing of the rhapsodist, either, though all the reaches of time were in her eyes. I could but think how those eyes differed from some I had seen, in which arrogance, pretense, and prejudice had flashed their crossing messages before ever word was spoken. The very calm of her features told me I had left the mad and noisy world of theory behind and entered a region more reposeful, where thought was master of emotion and a judicious spirit ruled. Motioning me to a chair, and falling back into the cushioned depths of another one herself—with no overdraw of things past, present, or to come, she favored me with a long and sprightly interview, some points of which must have escaped the net of later recollection, so intently interested was I and absorbed in the tale she had to tell. I had scrawled upon my card of presentation, that I came solely to hear her views on progress—whether she thought it true to say, as do most moderns, that every change is for the better, every variation a blessing in disguise, and novelty the soul of all improvement. I had a dim recollection of St. Paul¹ rebuking the Athenians for spending their time “in nothing else than to tell or hear some new thing”—too superstitious he called them, if I remember rightly, but I kept the matter to myself, not wishing to appear in the light of one who came with mind made up beforehand. My query bore on the supposed identity of progress and newness; I had taken pains to make the object of my visit clear; and to this point all the conversation was directed, after the usual exchange of formalities had been dispatched.

“I am pleased,” she began, and I thought her expression somewhat wistful, “that you should crave audience of the Muse of history in person, to learn dispassionately, and at first hand, what she thinks of the myriad changes the world is passing through; an old story to which a new chapter and a highly prophetic appendix have of late been added—the latter without my approval or consent.

¹Acts xvii. 21, 22.

For some time past I have felt slighted—your visit is a pleasant experience to the contrary—that persons of distinction should come to consult me, not to ascertain my opinion—perish the thought!—but to win me over to a defence of theirs. I could not forbear remarking recently to a visitor of this arrogant type, that I thought he had the proper rôles inverted, his and mine; propriety demanding, if I mistook not, that our relations should be the other way about. Whereat he bowed himself out of my presence, apparently much affronted, and has since written a book about me, I suppose—such folk invariably do—in which the story of humanity will be made to appear as having had *his* private opinion in view from the very start, though unable to give it clear expression until such time as he, good soul! generously came forward and let history know what it had really been about all along. *L’histoire, c’est moi!*

Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig.

An all-absorbent individualism—it is a bane which many still persist in mistaking for a benison.

“And now to your question. You have come to inquire if progress is inevitable, and a changing world, of necessity, a world advancing. The subject is as the vasty deep, and one is embarrassed to know from just what coign of vantage to grapple with it. Suppose I recite instances haphazard as they come to mind, allowing the facts to speak for themselves and arouse such comment in me as seems more a part of their story than of mine. Following this method we shall be as lookers-on who have no stake in the results. The still waters of contemplation will enable us to see what otherwise we should surely miss, were we looking for our own image in the depths and saw naught else reflected.

“The Roman Empire came by way of evolution from the Roman Republic, yet no one can fail to see the moral degeneration represented by the later growth. Theory requires that the Empire should have climbed a notch or two higher in goodness than the Republic, but, as a matter of historic fact, it did not do so—thus dealing a blow of disappointment to the meliorists, the first article in whose creed is the superiority of the complex form over the simpler one which precedes it. History, you will find, lends itself to no

such facile canon of prejudgment; the turns it actually takes have to be studied, they cannot be presumed. There is no special merit in ideas that come late into being, no special demerit in ideas that managed to arrive early; and the same holds true of institutions; we cannot set a date for the appearance of genius; time writes no wrinkles on the brow of Aristotle, Phidias, Raphael, or Pericles; they belong to all the years.

“Take democracy, for instance, now that we have mentioned Pericles, son of Xanthippus, and leader of the democratic party at Athens some twenty-four hundred years before the present social era. Democracy did not have to wait for the nineteenth century to reach its high noon. It once saw a sun hang high in heaven that soon sloped slowly down the West, not to rise upon the immediate morrow but on one far distant—such are the uneven courses of the world! Were one to look for an example of democracy realized; for a civil government administered by the people and for the people, with favors to no class or rank of citizens, but equal justice to all, he would come nearer to finding it in this early period of Grecian statecraft than in later times.

“Shopmen, farmers, cobblers, traders, merchants, carpenters, and smiths touched elbows with the landed gentry in the assembly, and stood on equal footing in the discussion of national affairs. The right of franchise was enjoyed by all freemen without restriction, these forming one-fourth of a population that was three-fourths slave—a circumstance that paints much of the brightness out of a democracy that despised manual labor and was really aristocratic in spirit. Public baths, playgrounds, municipal halls, and many other improvements which you proudly look upon as modern, were commonplace to these old Athenians, who knew no higher title to earthly glory than that of ‘perfect citizen;’ a social ideal which St. Paul² turned to spiritual profit four centuries later when he called the attention of the Greeks to the higher citizenship of the blest and the more noble household of Christian faith. So controlling was the influence of the democratic, representative government which the men of that olden time established, that the few could not impoverish the many for their own enrichment, or manipulate the necessities of life for the fattening of a private purse. Does it not seem to you, from the two considerations thus far invoked, that progress has a past as well as a future, and that one should be wary of conceiving it under either aspect alone?

²Ephesians ii. 19.

“ Shall we find things any different, think you, when we look into religion’s story? Has progress been continuous there, ladder-like, with an additional rung for each succeeding age to mount? It is the easiest matter in the world to make the sequence and progress of religions *appear* continuous. All you have to do is to arrange the various cults on a rising scale, the crudest manifestations lowermost, the more complex forms higher up: fetishism, animism, polytheism, totemism, henotheism, monotheism, and the thing is done. You call in your friends—the gentle reader or the expectant public—proudly pointing out to them how history has been made upstairs in your study. But notice! If you turn your scale upside down, monotheism will then appear as the first form of religion, all the other forms as lapses from it, movements in a lower direction. What is to prevent you from inverting the scale? The supposition that the simplest is necessarily the first? This supposition is a speculator’s venture, not an historian’s discovery. You cannot prove that the assumption you employ is historically true, and, until you accomplish that task, you have no right to suppose that the growth of religion followed the order of simplicity and complexity in which you arrange your ideas.

“ The continuity you discover is all *subjective*; it is in your mind and method, not in the facts themselves. You simply manufacture progress out of whole cloth, you do not establish the fact of its existence at all, when, beneath these various religions, manifestations or forms of belief, you profess to see a spirit of advance, a groping-after clearer utterance, a burrowing-towards the perfect light of day. Mankind, you say to yourself, was all the while rising towards the one and only God; the attempts merely fell short of success, and proved abortive. Fustian! You are confounding the evolution of error with the advance of truth. Your so-called progress is all on paper. Have what pleasure you will with your tables of religious progress. I need not tell you, though, that history did not ask philosophers to map out its course beforehand, nor consult with them as to what successive directions religious events were supposed to take; and from the furtive appearance of some of these recent scales of religion, I should judge that history is on no more intimate terms with philosophers now than formerly.

“ All these scales reveal a supreme confusion—the confusion of evolution with progress, decay with growth, lapse with rise, backsliding with advancement. The supposition underlying their construction is that there are no two ways about man—a downward

and an upward—but only one, the latter. This singleness of tendency on man's part is complacently taken for granted as one of the points which science has put beyond the reach of successful contradiction. Darwin did not go such lengths of assertion. 'We are apt,' he says, 'to look at progress as normal, but history refutes this;'³ an admission which shows the master clearer-headed than his disciples as to the meaning and import of the principle for which he stood. Why, so far is this supposition of normal progress carried that the present-day savage is described as a type of 'arrested development'—a phrase designed to create the impression that he never fell, but merely failed to rise. The idea of his once having been simply and freshly human, neither savage nor civilized, as these words ring in modern ears; the thought that he may represent centuries of gradual degradation, is not deemed worthy of a moment's consideration. How could it be by men to whom history is an up-hill road to perfection, on which there is no traffic downwards? That is why the development of some folk is spoken of as 'arrested'—an admirable way of concealing the unwelcome fact that there is regress as well as progress in history.

"Men see events not as they are, but as theory would have them be. And finding evolution always going on—it is as incessantly at work when individuals, nations, and religions are decaying as when these are putting forth the blossomy tops of real advancement—they assume that all this feverish activity is part of a single forward movement, not realizing, apparently, that they have mistaken opposites for mates, and written the story of man's decline as if it were the introductory chapter to his development. What a thing to have confounded with progress: evolution! Destroyer as well as builder; maker of the unjust as well as the just; shaper of the mocking course which madmen take when reason is unseated, as of the glories of genius itself—madness having its laws of development no less than sanity; disintegrator, disimprover, and seemingly with as much zest these as consolidator and uplifter! All progress is evolution, but not all evolution is progress. Sometimes they work in double harness, and then all is well; sometimes in single, in which case evolution takes the bit in its teeth and runs away. The strange thing about what we are pleased to call the stream of history is that you may tap it close to its source or far away from its original springs and find evolution always present, progress very rarely; and you are as likely to discover the presence of the latter in ancient

³*Is Mankind Advancing?* By Mrs. John Martin, p. 53.

or mediæval history as in modern; more so, in fact, as considerations soon to follow will indubitably serve to show.

“Before leaving this topic of early religion and its history, to pass on to others patiently waiting their turn in the anteroom of memory, I wish to call attention to an idea which to my mind proves better than any other the dual tendency in mankind to rise and fall; I refer to the idea of causality. Early man was as familiar with the notion as his modern descendants, though he managed it quite badly, mistook its purport, and fell foul of its real meaning on more than one occasion and for years unnumbered. This notion, naturally speaking, may be said to have given rise to three things: religion, science, and magic. You are not a tabulator, I hope, and so you will not ask me to determine the exact order of seniority and precedence between these three. That would mean to abandon history and indulge in speculation as to which of them came first. All three seem to have come fast upon one another’s heels; sometimes I feel inclined to think they ran abreast rather than tandem, my reason being Wolsey’s: man did not throw away ambition, but courted it—that sin by which the angels fell and all self-contemplators have been falling ever since. The humility of religion, the pride of science, the ambition of magic—the latter a desire to become likest God, knowing good and evil—would you say that these three attitudes were slow in forming *then*, or that they are not companion choices even *now*? Do men not marvel still at their own excellence and powers, refusing to see in life aught more than comports with the development of these? Do they not still prefer their own ends and aims to God’s, as did their forbears? Icarus, you know, flew so near the sun that his waxen wings of ambition melted, and he left nothing but his name and the memory of his folly to the sea into which he fell. I have lapsed into a moralizing mood, it seems, and must bestir myself to stricter ways of speech. The lapse is pardonable. History is so full of sameness in the midst of difference”—this she said, smiling—“that the present futurists betray a very ancient lineage, in their unwitting reversion to primitive types.

“Well, to continue my story, religion set its face sternly against magic from the very beginning. Towards that applied false science of lower persons and peoples who imagined themselves naturally possessed of a superhuman power over the course of Nature and the trend of human events—towards magic, in other words—religion was hostile from the dawn of history; and though worsted

more than once in the combat between true supernaturalism and false—between the worship of the divine, namely, and the worship of the human—its spirit of opposition was never really broken. The tiger growled when he was caged and could not spring. Religion resented the pretension of man to powers that were not his, and it strove might and main to choke the growth of this false science of magic in which it saw earth ambitioning heaven and attempting an impossible exchange of rôles. Independent of religion in origin—neither its cause nor its effect, as so often wrongly alleged, but due entirely to a perversion of the scientific instinct—magic was a foe to all advance; looking to human rather than divine power for help and guidance, yet indirectly acknowledging the superiority of religion by borrowing its ritual and travestying its rites. Primitive modes of thought are very vital and tenacious; they are in the back of many minds still, neither religion nor science having wholly succeeded in dislodging them from their ancient seat. I chanced upon a passage recently which pleased me very much, it seemed so eminently fair and just an utterance to encounter in times like the present when so many new magicians would have us believe that priests created religion, the effect produced the cause—obviously the only case on record where the cause, with a deference truly Gallic, stood aside and bade the effect precede. Let me read the passage, it will take but a moment: ‘Sympathetic magic, which is the germ of all magic, does not involve in itself the idea of the supernatural, but was simply the applied science of the savage. Yet out of the theory of causation and the methods of induction, which under certain rare, favoring conditions, and with the help of the religious sentiment, developed into modern science, elsewhere the process of evolution produced “one of the most persistent delusions that ever vexed mankind, the belief in magic.”’⁴

“What better proof would you, that evolution and progress are not one and the same movement? Where more clearly than here could you see that fitness to survive is not always the condition of survival? This shopworn expression rings and rattles with its own hollowness in many instances. On examination it will be found that the ‘fittest form,’ whether in art, architecture, painting, poetry, religion, or what not else, is generally the one which best suits the taste and temper of the age—as shifting a thing as fashion plates, betokening moods rather than perfection. Then, too, the age may have no taste, or one so wretched that conformity with it lowers

⁴*Introduction to the History of Religion.* By F. B. Jevons, p. 35.

all the levels of excellence previously attained; nay, the temper of the times may be such as to welcome a thin and tenuous philosophy—a spidery web spun out of the bosoms of the self-conceited for the world’s enmeshing—to follow which would mean, not to travel on, but round. There are more things, and better, in heaven and earth than the recent Horatios have made room for in their philosophy, where the fitness that forms the pillar and base of judgment is of the ephemeral, not of the eternal type.

“And tell me—this magical belief of man in his own unlimited powers and possibilities, this Archimedean confidence in his ability to tilt the world over with a lever, could he but find the right spot whereon to stand—is this a primitive world-picture, or a modern drawing? The magicians we still have with us, though their science now is burnished unto gold with optimism, and ions take the place of imps and elves. The ancient magic was black, exerted on a world with terrors peopled, terrors of the imagination which the waving of a wand or the setting of a charm dispelled. The modern magic is white, offering men a world all to themselves, capable of being refashioned to their suiting; with science for its only governor, and power—human power—for its uncrowned king! And where is religion? In the thick of the fray, and at its everlasting task of teaching proud humanity that the true supernatural is not human, but divine. The parallel is curious and instructive. But I must hasten on, or we shall never make an end of this rambling interview.

“A word or two next about fear, since we have just been discoursing upon its larger, bullying brother—terror. Fear, in the low and servile sense, has changed the current of man’s thoughts from the worship of a benign deity to the appeasement of gods malign—to mention only the bitter ancient fruit it bore when men saw the shadow of their own misdeeds overspread the heavens and mistook it for the nature of infinity. There is a fear, though, which is reverential and the beginning of wisdom. I have my doubts if men will ever prosper from its lack. It is a more potent factor in all true human progress than the present age, pride-blown and fancy-guided, is willing to acknowledge. But of this, later. My present concern is to point out another parallel, and in doing so I have no other thought in mind than to prove that, very often, men are but returning to the primitive when they think themselves engaged in breaking out new paths. The Reformers conceived of the Atonement as the reconciliation of God to man; the exact

reverse of the traditional Christian teaching which proclaimed it the reconciliation of man to God. Was it an advance, think you, this new variation of doctrine? Was it not, rather, a return to primitive types of thought, for which religion has since paid dear in the court of reason and conscience? There is a vast difference in sublimity between the earlier conception of Christ's work as a free and generous moral act of self-sacrifice in reparation for the sins of men, and the later idea of it as a necessary outcome of the demands of justice. A victim of love is a higher concept than a victim of law; and to think of mercy anticipating justice, discharging the debt of the latter from sheer prodigality, not from necessity, is to have a far nobler, truer, more inspiring idea of God than to think of Him as having become so estranged from humanity that satisfaction was absolutely required before relations could be resumed. No, the Atonement was not the cause of God's love of man, but its effect and consequence.

"The new puts men to shame quite as often, if not more so than the old. Is it indicative of progress, do you think, to fall so low in the power of analysis, to become so filled with the spirit of the age, as to declare morality custom, knowledge enlightened self-interest, conscience the tribal voice surviving, and consciousness the stuff that worlds and dreams are made of? All these are later notions, and wear the hall mark of their recency; but do they betoken improvement? Not unless you first assume that progress consists, not in explaining things, but in explaining them away; which seems to me the peculiar feature of modern wisdom and advance.

"Instances other than those mentioned come crowding in upon me in such abundance as veritably to create an embarrassment of choice. Let me see. Politics, religion, philosophy, theology—we have paid a flying visit, such as it was, to these four fields. Ah, yes, art—I have as yet not touched upon the story of the beautiful. The best wine has been reserved for the last. The history of art offers a rich field for study, and will afford occasion for the expression of some thoughts and principles which seem to me of paramount importance in this question of progress, the more so as the age has consigned them to the tomb and will suffer no trumpets blown for their reawakening. But first for a few concrete examples. It is well to fill the imagination with witnesses before asking the intellect to sit in judgment on the testimony offered.

"Florid art, as you know, came after simple, and there is something about it to which that inelegant word 'chromo' not inappropriately applies. Being a variation on the art that is simple it should, according to theory, be superior; but the facts all fail to respond—they point rather to decadence than perfection. You would not take the laurel wreaths of fame from the brows of Raphael and Buonarroti, would you, and offer them to Carlo Dolce as his by right? What a pack of remonstrant critics you would soon have barking at your heels, did you venture to rearrange art's roll of honor to suit the requirements of Darwinian biology! That utilitarian theory never showed to greater disadvantage than in the history of art, and you would soon be made to feel, not only that your all-settling 'fitness doctrine' was in flat contradiction with the facts, but that it rested, and depended for its entire support, on a confusion of the mere presence of evolution with that rare and unaccustomed thing, quite other, to which we give the name and fame of progress.

"Consider the vast themes painted on the walls of churches in the sixteenth century; their grandeur of design and simplicity of execution; the innocent and charming or strong and simple piety which the religious countenances all express; and then contrast these with the works of the seventeenth century; pictures painted in shops, afterwards framed, and hung in churches; affected, exaggerated, and involved compositions, conceived independently of the vast edifices, the monotony of the walls of which they were designed to relieve and break; no apparent bond of connection or link of harmony in them with 'cathedrals vast and dim;' the religious faces lacking spirit, life, and character; sensuality and devotion commingling and crossing currents in their features, until it seems as if worldlings had come to church with more of body than of soul about them. Here is the heterogeneous for you, and out of the homogeneous it has come, as Spencer would say ponderously, 'through continuous integrations and differentiations;' a definition on which Blackie countered with the remark that, done into English, it would read: 'a change from the somehowish talkaboutable all-alikeness to the nohowish, untalkaboutable un-all-alikeness, through continuous somethingelsifications and sticktogetherations.' Now let me ask you in all seriousness, biology or no biology, was the seventeenth century an improvement on the sixteenth? and, in writing a history of art, would you dare say so? Portrait painting, you claim, represents more trueness to life. It is a departure from

the mediæval attempt to portray power and grandeur in feudal castle, monastery, and cathedral. Quite so. But the one takes us out of ourselves, the other lets us stay at home. And I am not altogether sure that staying at home is the best way to make progress. The larger the vision, it seems to me, the prompter are our stirrings towards it. But I must not stop to preach. The sands in the glass are running down.

“I think you will agree with me when I say, to expedite matters with more dispatch, that the history of art reveals but two decidedly original periods—the Greek and the mediæval. Somehow all other attempts to push these twin peaks of progress higher have met with failure. Men still stand looking up to those on whom they would fain look down from loftier eminences. So true is this that none will say me nay or halt me in my musings to rebuke an overstatement. Let me read you something from Mr. Bryce, lest you think my views unshared, too much my own to win the minds of others. Naturally I have a preference for historians who see life as it is, and leave it such, without straining at the gnats of speculation in an effort to reduce the complex drama of history to a false simplicity.

The forms which intellectual activity takes, the lines of inquiry which it follows, the sorts of production it values and enjoys, do indeed differ from age to age and do bear a relation to the conditions of man's environment. Material progress has affected these forms and lines. But there is no evidence that it has done more to strengthen than to depress the intensity and originality and creative energy of intellect itself; nor have those qualities shown themselves more abundant as the population of the earth has increased. It does not seem possible, if we go back to the earliest literature which survives to us from Western Asia and Southeastern Europe, to say that the creative powers of the human mind in such subjects as poetry, philosophy, and historical narrative or portraiture, have either improved or deteriorated. The poetry of the early Hebrews and of the early Greeks has never been surpassed and hardly ever equalled. Neither has the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, nor the speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero. Geniuses like Dante, Chaucer, and Shakespeare appear without our being able to account for them, and for aught we know another may appear at any moment. It is just as difficult, if we look back five centuries, to assert either progress or decline in painting. Sculpture has never again risen to so high a level as it touched in

the fifth century B. C., nor within the last three centuries to so high a level as it reached at the end of the fifteenth. But we can find no generalizations upon that fact. Music is the most inscrutable of the arts, and whether there is any progress to be expected other than that which may come from a further improvement in instruments constituting an orchestra, I will not attempt to conjecture, any more than I should dare to raise controversy by inquiring whether Beethoven represents progress from Mozart, Wagner progress from Beethoven.⁵

“Now why, I ask, if progress be inevitable, should it tarry so in its coming, and leave us in doubt as to whether it really intends paying us another visit? You will admit, I think, that twenty-five centuries—from the fifth before the coming of the Lord, to the twentieth after—is an unconscionably long time for the inevitable in sculpture to stand upon the order of its coming. Why have the myriad variations ensuing in the meanwhile shown neither the ambition nor the ability to reach more commanding summits than those the ancient and mediæval peoples climbed? Is it because the economic conditions which made such progress possible in the Middle Ages can no longer be reproduced?—the intense rivalry of cities, the wonderful organization of labor, and the common workshops in which an entire population sang joyously at its toil. Or must we probe deeper for the reason?—finding it, rather, in the larger religious spirit and vision of the times, which gave soul to the great communal movement, and made the economic aspect of life appear far less commanding than it does now, when men are for the most part immersed in the practical—pursuers of the things that pay, reckoners chiefly of the convertibility of endeavor into coin. By their fruits ye shall know them, and by their vision shall their measure of soul be taken.

“The continuity theory of progress looks very suspect, does it not, in view of the facts considered, and there is no need of asking history to buffet it still further. Quantity has been mistaken for quality, the ‘more’ for the ‘better,’ by its propounders. Increase in the number of things known, appliances contrived, and creature-comforts manufactured seem to them an open portal to a larger life, yet it amounts to no more in reality than a burnishing of the door-knobs, a shellacking of the exterior. The additions to human knowledge and domestic ease have augmented distraction rather than promoted concentration. A world with novelty distraught has

⁵James Bryce, *What Is Progress?* *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1907, pp. 151, 152.

scattered man's thoughts instead of reassembling them; his advantages are but new temptations posing in the guise of blessings. More facts, more things, more appliances—do these mean improvement in *life*, or merely in the conditions of *living*? I leave you to your own experience and reflection for answer. And as to morality—where is the evidence that our new-found comforts have improved it? Would you dare say, either, that penetration of mind, with regard to the inner secrets of the universe, had grown greater?

“Take Aristotle, for instance. With none of the present advantages at command, he clearly saw, stated, and rejected the theory of the survival of the fittest. Native ability of mind enabled him to see what escaped Darwin's vision, namely—that no theory of the world's development could ever amount to an explanation of its origin. Consider, too, his reason for rejecting ‘natural selection;’ it is more than twenty-five hundred years old, this reason, but could you improve upon it, or render its freshness stale? ‘All the things of Nature originate either invariably or all but invariably,’ said the great Greek, ‘but of the things of accident and chance, not one so originates.’⁶ The Stagirite clearly perceived that all descriptions of the world's growth leave unexplained the origin of the world that grew—which is more than can be said of many moderns, and contains a moral that needs no drawing.

“So you see,” she said rising, “how ill founded is the notion that the past contains nothing of permanent value, and that progress consists in getting as far away from it as we can.” I took her action for a final dismissal, but my impression was premature. “If you will call again to-morrow,” she said, “we shall thresh this matter over afresh and find new kernels in the straw. I have yet to tell you what I think of the nature and conditions of progress—a problem, that arises out of the facts considered in the present interview.” And upon that promise of another meeting on the morrow I took my leave of the mistress of history, with ideas of all kinds racing at top speed through my mind's recesses. I had learned some things and unlearned others, feeling doubly glad in consequence—it is so hard a matter, in the literature of the times, to tell fact from fiction, history from speculation, wishing from thinking.

⁶*Philosophy and Theology*. By J. H. Sterling, pp. 131-134.

OUR LADY OF THE WOODS.

BY DORA OWEN.

[The following article is founded upon the 1873 edition of *Les Serviteurs de Dieu*. This book itself is a compilation of articles reprinted from *L'Univers*, which appeared in that journal between 1840-60. They are valuable contributions to the history of the Church in our country. The present paper gives a wonderful and edifying picture of the missionary spirit which inspired saintly pioneers of the Middle West.—ED. C. W.]



IN 1839, Monsignor de la Hailandière, then Bishop of Vincennes, was in France. He came to the little town of Ruillé-sur-Loire, where a congregation of nuns was established, known as the Sisters of Providence. It was the time of retreat for these Religious, whose twofold aim is to dedicate themselves to visiting the poor and the education of children. The Bishop of Vincennes in America had formed a plan for setting up this little order in his vast diocese, and he came to ask for Sisters to found the new convent.

The modest congregation of Ruillé had never dreamed of the glory of stretching out its branches as far as North America. It had existed, contrived to be self-supporting, marked by God's finger, but unknown to the world, and only able to exercise charity and good works within a very limited range. But the Sisters of Providence were not alarmed at this scheme, which called for courage. They accepted the proposal generously, with the joy of true servants of God, anxious to consecrate themselves to His service, and happy to sanctify themselves for His glory. They thanked our Lord with heartfelt gratitude for all the good He was pleased to give them to do, and did not dwell on the difficulties and dangers they would meet with in the undertaking. Six Sisters were chosen to follow the bishop the next year.

In a matter so important, one can well believe the community of Ruillé left no resource untried. They collected all their alms, they opened all their cupboards (it did not take very long), they sought in every direction; at last they were able to give twelve hundred francs to the six Sisters. They had to travel six thousand leagues from France, to form a new congregation in an unknown land, called thither by a bishop who had himself no helper but

Providence. He had certainly promised to give them some land, uncultivated as yet, but he had never concealed the fact that he could do nothing else for them.

The Sisters did not hesitate. With the trustfulness which is all-powerful with God, they thought only of the preparations for their departure. It is the common story: Divine Providence never sends away empty those who trust in His goodness and call upon Him for help. Before our Sisters had left Ruillé, a generous gift they had not asked for, and had never expected, doubled their tiny capital. With the blessing of their own bishop, on the sixteenth of July, 1840, the feast of Our Lady of Carmel, they left Le Mans to give themselves to mission work.

On board the ship, the Sisters were objects of veneration to the English Protestant crew. Every day they retired into their cabin to say their office, and to sing with all their hearts the praise of God, to Whose providence they abandoned themselves completely for the success of their mission. The voyage was long. On their arrival, after a forty days' passage, in sight of New York, everyone on board was delighted to see land again. Only the Superior, good Sister St. Théodore, seated on deck, and sadly looking towards the strange country, wondered uneasily what would become of the five Sisters entrusted to her tender care, in this unknown land, five hundred leagues or thereabouts from the bishop who had sent for them, and in the midst of people whose language was strange to them. She called upon God to help her, and put herself into the keeping of the Blessed Virgin.

The providential experiences of the Sisters in New York and Philadelphia, and the details of their journey across America, cannot be told here. After many fatigues, they reached Vincennes, and the bishop whose zeal had led them there. Twenty-five leagues more would take them to the place where their foundation was to be made. They set off. A priest went with them. They traveled on, plunged into complete solitude; at last the priest stopped the carriage, and announced that they had arrived. They got out, looked about them, and found themselves in the middle of the forest. They expected little, but they had not been prepared for this. They were shown some beginnings of a building: it was the house they were to occupy. A little farther on they saw a sort of wooden hut where a family was living. In spite of their faith, and although they had willingly offered themselves, a little fear awakened in their hearts when they were brought face to face with

such complete destitution. They asked where our Lord was, and were led to a hut made of tree trunks laid horizontally one above the other, in all about twelve feet long and nine across. The door, which had no lock or bolt, resisted every effort to open it, and when opened was equally hard to shut. On one side was a wide chimney, through which the light shone down. In a corner, on some boards, was a lair whose wretchedness passed imagination: it was the bed of the priest attached to this strange church. At the other end was a window blocked up with rags and brushwood, because of the cold, which was just beginning. A few poor and faded hangings, arranged like curtains, surrounded and sheltered a little board, fastened to the wall, and supported in front by two posts driven into the ground. The tattered curtains were drawn aside, and in the midst of this poverty they recognized the Master of heaven and King of earth in all His gentleness and benignity. He rested there beneath a little veil: no tabernacle, no lights, none of the usual surroundings of His majesty. As soon as they had seen and adored their Master in this utter deprivation of all things, a lifelike image of Bethlehem, the Sisters discovered that they were only too well treated, and were ashamed of their momentary weakness.

They were lodged with the neighboring family, who gave up to them a little room for the dwelling place of the community, and an attic for their dormitory. The very evening of their arrival four postulants joined them. God blessed their work. And if the house of the Lord is not built of stones shaped by the hand of man, but rather of hearts which grace squares and fashions according to its will, our Sisters had already founded the Convent of Our Lady of the Woods.

The diocese of Vincennes, where they were thus established, extended its jurisdiction over the State of Indiana and part of Illinois, in all about half the size of France, and in Indiana alone there were two million five hundred thousand souls. In 1843 about thirty priests, scattered over this enormous area, ministered to the spiritual needs of its population. A small number indeed; but God kindled their zeal, and His pity, which had given to every church in Europe saints as founders, granted equal graces to the infant churches of the new country.

The first Bishop of Vincennes, Monsignor Bruté, who died in 1839, left memories behind him throughout his diocese which cannot fail to touch the soul. He was a Breton, of admirable piety and simple trust. When he was at the Rennes seminary, his friend

M. de la Guéretterie (who was revered as a saint throughout Brittany, and died curé of Vitré, after having refused more than once the burden of the episcopate), was afflicted with a tumor in his side, for which every remedy seemed useless. M. Bruté, who had practised medicine, tried again and again to give him relief: the trouble grew worse, and the patient's sufferings became horrible. M. Bruté at last, seeing his friend could hardly drag himself about, told him that he would pray to God for him. Mass had hardly been celebrated before M. de la Guéretterie, feeling better, put his hand to his side and felt that he had no pain. He undressed; there was no tumor left, the whole trouble had disappeared. There was an outcry, M. Bruté was called, and was astonished at the general surprise.

"All human help was tried in vain," said he, "but was not there always Providence to call to our aid?"

This simple faith never left him. Consecrated bishop in 1834, he greeted his priests with incredible tenderness. They needed tender support in the midst of their labors. Everyone of them the head of a congregation, spread over a vast territory, passed his life in overseeing it; in giving the scattered Catholics the joy of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice; in consoling them and in teaching them. The routine of their journeys was often interrupted by the necessity of going to help the sick, perhaps twenty or thirty leagues from their temporary resting-place.

Whatever the distance, the weather, the difficulty, they must go, and they must get there. Often, during the winter nights of that severe climate, after crossing rivers in flood, half frozen, they lost their way, and were obliged to spend the whole night in the woods. A shelter such as that just described, a mat to sleep on, or, at best, a few feathers gathered into a bag, and a scanty covering; no warm clothing, no linen, sometimes no bread: these are the worldly advantages which the missionaries had as the price of their labor; but one must also reckon the blessing of God and the ineffable joys of devotion.

In the midst of this destitution, the bishop found means to be the most destitute of all. What he had was at his priests' disposal. When they came to his house, each of them took what he needed: shoes, clothes, linen. They left behind their cast off belongings, always quite sure that some other, in a still more pitiable state, would be pleased to find them. If no one wanted the things, the bishop used them himself. He was small, and altered them with

his own hands to fit himself. They still keep at Vincennes, as precious relics, some of his clothes sewn by his pontifical hands.

In his frequent visits to them, he never, even in his last days, when he was failing, allowed one of his priests to yield him his wretched bed. He would make them lie down, and with a mother's care would arrange them in bed, courteously wishing them good-night. In such places as that described above, where the priest's dwelling was not separated from the place of divine worship, in spite of fatigue, he would spend the whole night in prayer before his Divine Master. In any case, prayer was the habitual state of his soul. Prayer exhaled constantly from his heart, like perfume from the calyx of a flower. At every moment of the day and night he lifted up his soul to God with incredible fervor, never interrupting his devotional exercises, and only tearing himself away from his passionate outpourings of love to God for the work of his episcopal office, or for his chief care and interest, his one attachment to earthly things—the help and comfort of his priests.

Some months before his death, on a winter night, this bishop after God's heart was with one of his priests. The latter, seeing he was ill, offered him his bed: the bishop refused. At last both gave way, took the mattress from the bedstead, spread it before the hearth, and laid themselves down on it, declaring they were in royal comfort. According to custom, the bishop tucked in his companion first, covering and sheltering him to the best of his ability.

"But, monsignor," said the priest, "you have kept no bed-clothes for yourself; you have given them all to me."

"Oh, no," replied the holy man, with his usual sweet temper, "look, you have only half!"

During the night, the bishop fervently lifted up his heart to God, and the priest listened with edification, taking care not to interrupt, until he found the bishop was trying to cover him still more. Throwing out his arm as if he were asleep, he put back the coverlet on the prelate; the latter, as careful as a mother with her child, took great care not to awaken him. Again he put his bed-clothes over the priest, but another movement returned them to him!

"Ah, you are not asleep," cried the bishop. And the two friends of Jesus began to laugh with all their hearts. For in the midst of extreme poverty and destitution, such simple souls as these are full of joy, and the least touch is enough to make their joy overflow.

"I did it," said the bishop, "because I was afraid of waking you by getting up to stir the fire, and I was afraid you might catch cold."

"But what about yourself, monsignor?"

"Oh, an old fellow like myself doesn't feel the cold!" said he.

They made up the fire; it was about three o'clock. The bishop would not lie in bed any longer. His prayers were long, he said, and he meditated up to the moment of his departure.

But we must return to the Sisters whom we left in the little attic which served as dormitory. It was so tiny, and the beds filled it so completely that, to get at the last bed, one had to creep over all the others; it was beside so well built that they never succeeded in sheltering the beds from the rain and snow! Thus they passed the severe winter of 1840-1841. In July, 1841, they moved into their new house, and opened a boarding-school. The Sisters' aim was to inculcate religious ideas and habits among people who had lost them altogether. They took children of all religious persuasions, so long as they submitted to the rules of their house. The keenness of these children to learn the truths of the Faith, and the effects produced on them, were great, lively, and full of consolation.

In the new house, the dwelling of the good God had not been forgotten. An altar covered with painted paper, ornamented with two candlesticks brought from France, set off by two fine tapers of tallow, which they made themselves, seemed to these good Sisters so magnificent that they could not help admiring it with some satisfaction. They kept their little chapel in the exquisite cleanliness which is dear to all Religious, and which is the symbol of the purity of their souls. But the cares at home never prevented the second aim of their institution—visiting the poor. They visited families, not to relieve them but to teach them. Here again they found united the help of grace and the consolation of success. They were received by these poor blind souls with lively joy, and that complete confidence which is always inspired by those consecrated to God.

The little community had been increased by another Sister from Ruillé, France. Seventeen American girls had joined as postulants. The community yielding to the demands made on it, founded establishments at Jasper and St. Francisville. One Sister and one novice went to each of these towns to open a school. Their installation was a public festival, especially at Jasper.

In the midst of prosperity, a misfortune fell upon our Sisters. God was pleased to cast down their hopes, and to put their courage and faith to the proof. They had made a farm settlement at Our Lady of the Woods. After cutting down trees, they had cleared the land which the bishop had generously given them, and had sown it. After the harvest was over, in which more than once the Sisters, after the fatigue of the day in school, had taken their share of hard work, fires broke out in several parts of their farm buildings. They were timber-built; none of them could be saved. Everything was devoured by the flames—grain, sheds, and farming implements. They had incurred debts in the foundation of their houses; the creditors were alarmed, and demanded payment or security. The distress at the convent was extreme, but the Sisters never ceased to bless God, and never gave up their holy project. The whole disaster could be repaired at small cost; twenty-five or thirty thousand francs would have been enough to save them from ruin. Neither the Catholics of Indiana, nor their poor bishop and his unfortunate clergy, were able to get together such a sum. In their distress they turned to France. Sister St. Théodore crossed the sea again, accompanied by a young American novice. Everywhere they met with the sympathy which it is impossible to refuse to such devotion. After collecting a sum of money, they returned to America in the winter of 1845, taking with them two new postulants.

In a letter to her good friends, in France, Sister St. Théodore thus describes their arrival in “the portion of their inheritance:”

Even if I had not known I was in Indiana, and in the diocese of Vincennes, I should have guessed it by the extreme poverty that surrounded me. Coming out of the brick-built church, whose walls were absolutely bare, a Catholic lady showed me the way to the priest's house. He was away; we opened the door and went into a room (if one can call it a room) about eight or nine feet square. A deal board served as table; the good woman lifted it up, and showed me underneath it a box which was the bed of this servant of God. Truly he might deem his bed a grave, and his life a continual dying. Before the church was built, he offered the adorable Sacrifice on this same board.

The next day, I took the stage coach for Vincennes. Our Sisters there were worthy followers of the Evansville priest: they had not even a glass or a table napkin to offer me, and

their only delicacy was a piece of salt beef. Next day I had the happiness of receiving Holy Communion from the hands of my Bishop and Superior. Not long after, I knelt at his feet, receiving his fatherly blessing. Nothing would have been lacking to my happiness if I could have been with my dear hermit-sisters. I longed so much to see them that I took the next steamer, which brought me in twenty-four hours to Terre Haute; and by eight in the evening I reached Our Lady of the Woods at last.

What can I say? After a year of separation, fear, and suffering, I was with them again. Think what we felt! We were too much moved to speak; we went to kneel before Him to Whom we owed all our happiness—near to Jesus, Who had so lovingly watched over us, we could pour out our hearts.

The continual German and Irish emigration since 1844 had swelled the population of Vincennes diocese. The houses of the Sisters of Providence multiplied, and supported themselves in generous poverty.

Not a letter from Indiana but told of baptisms hoped for, or just taken place. They spoke also of Protestants they were busily instructing; always a great joy to the Sisters. They earned the happiness of teaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to souls who knew Him not, at the cost of a life of self-immolation and poverty. Nothing is too hard for souls who have once tasted the joys of the apostolate and of self-sacrifice. The severest privations are only play to them; at Our Lady of the Woods they only speak with a smile of the hardships they endure daily. One of the nuns wrote to a friend:

Pray to the good God to inspire some devoted souls with the wish to come back with our bishop to America. It is true that our poor house is not attractive at first sight; our postulants try to conceal its poverty so as not to discourage those who present themselves. Last summer, three young girls came the same day; unluckily it was raining, and the house seemed to be afloat. The school-benches acted as a bridge to introduce the newcomers into the chapel, where they managed to find a dry spot. Beds are rarities with us. So when a postulant is received, the elders, in order to do her honor, hasten to give up their bed to her, and to sleep on the floor themselves.

"In a short time," they say, "she will be so happy that she will not mind sleeping on straw in the least: but she must get used to everything first."

In the midst of their poverty, the Sisters thought of building an asylum for orphans. They were no longer satisfied to teach in school, and to give help to the poor children who lived in the neighborhood; they were not content with the humble boarders whom they educated, and from whom the community received a modest remuneration: they desired to gather some orphans together, and keep them in the true Faith. The Bishop of Vincennes was a warm supporter of the plan, and told them that the means would be found. The bishop was not mistaken in his hope. They had reckoned on providing for the cost of fifteen children; when the asylum opened they had forty. A month later the number was doubled. How did they all live? Providence, whose business it was, knows how it was done. In order to supply their need of money, they resorted to different means: first, prayer, then a life of poverty, and, thirdly, the asking of alms. Innumerable were the graces granted through this new undertaking.

Many, indeed, were their joys, but of the culminating joy of death Divine Providence had been niggard towards the Sisters of Our Lady of the Woods. Up to 1856 only two of the Sisters had died, but that year was to ask of the community the greatest of sacrifices. Mother St. Théodore, the good Superior and Foundress of Our Lady of the Woods, had been professed for thirty-three years, sixteen of which had been spent in the Indiana mission. The material walls and the living members of Our Lady of the Woods had been alike gathered together, shaped and raised by her active and clever hands.

During her hard years as Superior, the most complicated and dreadful illnesses attacked her frail constitution. At every moment the Sisters of Our Lady of the Woods beheld the very existence of their congregation imperilled by the dangers that threatened their Mother's life. Other obstacles, too, arose in their path; but in the midst of cares, perplexities and failures, the Congregation of Our Lady of the Woods formed itself and developed day by day.

The religious life, with its renunciations, toils, joys and sweetnesses, is lifted above human weakness; but who can understand the life of a Superior? It is not only the burden of her own heart over which she has to triumph: she has also to bear the burden of others. They must be raised up and sustained in the paths of the supernatural life; they must be taught to relish and to practise mortification, humiliation and self-sacrifice; taught also to love and prefer things naturally repugnant; taught to preserve through-

out the light-heartedness, simplicity and liveliness of creatures dwelling in their true element. Thus the Superior is the life, soul, and strength of the community. Sister St. Théodore was all this at Our Lady of the Woods.

She was truly a mother through the tenderness of her heart, and the sublimity of her love: the sorrows, inconsistencies, and weaknesses of each of her Sisters went to her heart, and drew out her tenderness but never exhausted it. She was joy, comfort, guide and support to all: she kept all acute cares to herself, and the Divine Mercy was her only helper in difficulty.

Providence had procured a great grace for her in placing near her a soul exactly fitted to understand her and to second her efforts. Sister François-Xavier had also been professed at Ruillé-sur-Loire among the Sisters of Providence. If Sister St. Théodore had little health, Sister François-Xavier had no health at all. Her ardent desire to devote herself to mission work seemed to her Superiors for a long time a mere illusion.

"You will be thrown into the sea and made into food for fishes before the third day," they told the poor nun. She smiled, answering that it was as good to be thrown in the sea and eaten by fishes as to be buried in the earth and devoured by worms! Her ardor became so great that her Superiors thought they saw in it the will of God. She was allowed to go; she made the long voyage quite alone, reached the forests, and rejoined the Sisters who were expecting her.

No one ever loved a work of piety as Sister St. François-Xavier loved her poor Mission of Our Lady of the Woods. Did that spiritual joy increase the strength of the body? Or was it the special work of Providence? In either case the dear Sister gained in the forests of the New World a degree of vigor quite unknown to her before. No more ill-health, no more weakness: henceforward her health, if not robust, sufficed at least for all the work she had to do; and that work was considerable in quantity. She was the mainspring of every undertaking at Our Lady of the Woods. She was Mother St. Théodore's right hand, and helped in all her work. As she was of wide and varied education, she managed, all at once, or one after the other, the boarding-school for young girls, the school for little boys, and the orphanage; and she was novice-mistress as well.

Sister St. François-Xavier loved her pupils, her orphans, her boarders, and her novices, but she loved nothing on earth as well

as Mother St. Théodore. These two souls, so closely allied to each other, who had shared the same labors, loved, prayed, suffered together, were not to be long separated in their reward. Sister St. François-Xavier went first. She died on January 31, 1856. Her soul, singularly attracted by God and the things of God, moved by some mysterious power towards its Creator. New horizons opened before her: she saw heaven and the heavenly host, the Blessed Virgin, and the Eternal Father.

"How beautiful it is!" she exclaimed. "O my God, how beautiful! How great is the joy laid up for those that love You! So much joy, O my God! for so little, so little! O Mary, my Mother, how beautiful you are! I see you.....I see God.....I see God.....I am in God!"

About five weeks after the death of Sister St. François-Xavier, Mother St. Théodore fell ill. She saw at once that she was soon going to meet her well-beloved Sister, her dear daughter, whose death had broken her heart but not her courage. During the fifty-eight days of her last illness the good Mother's patience did not give way. She saw death coming and did not fear it. She was calm and smiling in its grip. Her sufferings were acute, and, unlike Sister St. François-Xavier, her last agony was terrible. But the peace in her soul was unshaken: as her daughters wept at her long sufferings, she said:

"Ah, my poor daughters, they are short enough beside eternity!"

It is easier to understand than to describe the grief of the community of Our Lady of the Woods, struck by one such blow after another. More than ever before, in the presence of these two new-filled graves and empty beds, did the Sisters understand that they were in the hand of God, and that their work stood on no human foundation. But the Blessed Mary, first Mother of their woods, still protected the children of her forests, and showed herself doubly their Mother in the state of privation in which Divine Providence had placed them. Nothing was to be feared, for the future of the work to which the two great souls now in heaven had devoted themselves: nothing could be felt but gentle confidence. Those who had worked so hard below would lose neither strength nor love when they entered the home of the blessed. Now, as in their time on earth, they would still be helpful, and would still sustain the courage of their Sisters.

THE SAME FOREVER.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.



FOR a time the two Englishmen rode in silence. The country was new to them and very beautiful, the morning cool and sunshiny, their horses in splendid condition. They had never before seen the world so lovely—the grass so green and the streams so clear, the sky of so tender a blue; never before had the songs of the birds sounded as melodious, the soft sighing of the wind as musical, nor had life ever seemed so entrancingly sweet. Ireland's poverty and her many sorrows were concealed by the playful sorcery of May; the trials of their own lives—and what life is without suffering—were all forgotten for the moment.

It was Mr. Floyd-Burton who broke the long silence. He was the elder of the two by fifteen or sixteen years, an aristocratic-looking man of forty, extremely well dressed, whose face in repose betrayed weariness of all things, perhaps even scorn of many, though when he talked—and he talked far more often than he listened—he appeared genial, light-hearted, quite content to take the world as he found it and make the most of its limitations. He broke the silence which had fallen between him and Roger Hungerford to say something jocose and commonplace about a game of billiards which they had watched the night before, wretchedly played by men, like themselves guests of Mr. O'Neill at the Great House.

Mr. Hungerford replied with a decent show of interest, but he would have preferred to remain where he was: in cloud lands where billiards are unknown. He did not pursue the conversation, but his mood had been shattered; he could not recover it; and after a few seconds Mr. Floyd-Burton spoke again, broaching the next subject that came to his mind.

"Miss O'Neill should always wear white," he said. "She was beautiful last night. Didn't you think so, Roger?"

Mr. Hungerford was no longer bored. "Very beautiful!" he agreed with such hearty emphasis that the elder man laughed, before he continued deprecatingly, "She is a lovely girl; charming in her way. But what a pity she was educated as she was—went to a convent, you know, for years and years!"

It was Mr. Hungerford's turn to laugh. "For years and years!" he mimicked, making the words as long as possible. "You talk as if she were at least a hundred years old!"

"One thing is certain," his friend retorted, "she should have lived four or five hundred years ago!"

"Heaven forbid!" Mr. Hungerford ejaculated fervently. He was smiling to himself.

Mr. Floyd-Burton looked at him, young, vigorous, happy, with all of life before him to make as beautiful as he would. For the moment his face became unutterably sad, and a sigh escaped his lips; an instant afterward he turned his horse so that they rode close together, and could converse more easily, as he did so, asking lightly, "Did you hear the story Miss O'Neill told last night? No, I remember; it was before you and Chester came into the drawing-room. I did not hear the beginning: I do not know what incident or argument called it forth. When I joined the group she was beginning to tell it, in a simple, matter-of-course way. You would have supposed, Roger, it was the weather or the latest fashion of which she was talking—and it was a most extraordinary tale! Unbelievable by any sane man!

"It seems that centuries ago—in the thirteenth or thereabouts—a certain St. Anthony of Padua created a great sensation by his preaching; he was the man of the hour, all the rage for a time. That isn't just the way she put it, you understand, but what it all amounted to. And, by the way, she acknowledged that his name was not Anthony and he was not born in Padua. Some of the men, Kilronan and those other Irish fellows, had often heard of him—seemed to know almost as much about him as she did. Saints were never one of my hobbies.

"Well, she told that one day he was preaching to a number of unbelievers on the Sacrament of the Eucharist and had convinced or hoodwinked most of them, when one man (born before his time, Roger) insisted on seeing some proof of such stupendous wonders before believing in them. The Saint was plucky, I admit; he agreed to give it. And three days later, by arrangement, the man took to Anthony his horse, which had not been fed in the meantime. The Saint held the Sacrament in his hands before the animal, and—so the story runs—the poor beast, famished though he was, turned from some food his master offered to kneel before the bit of Bread held by St. Anthony!"

Mr. Hungerford did not laugh as heartily as Mr. Floyd-Burton

had expected, and after a moment's thought asked what he considered an irrelevant question.

"And the man, Mr. Floyd-Burton, the heretic, did he join the Church?"

"Oh, yes!" and he shrugged his shoulders. "Miss O'Neill implied that he could not have done otherwise unless he was willing to be, and be accounted, a bigger fool than his horse. The idea, Roger, of telling a story like that in a gorgeous, too-modern drawing-room, to a dozen or more men—Oxford graduates, half of them! And in the twentieth century! It might do well enough in a nurse's—if the children were unusually credulous."

Mr. Hungerford said nothing for quite a minute. When at last he spoke it was very thoughtfully, and his handsome, boyish face was serious and earnest. Until that moment Mr. Floyd-Burton had considered him a mere boy, merry, winsome, lovable, and as shallow as the shallowest of his age and class. Never afterwards could he bring himself to think that.

"One thing is certain," he said, "either we are right and there is nothing in it, in religion, I mean, or these Catholics are, and it is *everything!*"

"Hungerford, don't make a fool of yourself!" Mr. Floyd-Burton exclaimed sharply. "We all know you have lost your heart to the girl. I, for one, don't blame you. She is charming, in a quaint, sweet way that is unusual. But don't, *don't* send your head and all your common sense after your heart!"

Mr. Hungerford flushed scarlet. He had never been accounted meek. "I can take care of myself," he said haughtily.

Again they rode in silence for some minutes, far less contentedly than before, though none of the sweetness had escaped from the morning; but coming, after a time, to a place where their road was crossed by another, a narrower one, they drew rein simultaneously, not to debate which direction to take, but because the view which suddenly opened out before them was arrestingly beautiful. The ground on which they stood was higher than much of the surrounding country, and they could see for miles in every direction. To one side was a little woods, looking almost black in its densest places; here and there were small farms, dotted with buildings, always poor and often dilapidated, but picturesque when seen from afar; in the distance, just above the horizon, lay a village with the spire of its old church dimly outlined against the blue of the sky. Below them a tiny lake gleamed in the sunshine and sad-

dened in the shadow of the oaks about its rim. Trees were everywhere, gay in all shades of green the young spring knew, and to their left, not far away, a meadow was purple with violets. Nature-lovers, both, the men gazed, enraptured, until the unexpected tinkle of a bell, very near at hand, broke the stillness, making them start and their horses prance.

Quickly turning their heads they saw, coming up the narrow road, a big, muscular fellow, unmistakably a peasant, and poor. He carried a small bell and jangled it from time to time. Close behind him trudged an old, bent man with bowed head, placid face and downcast eyes, who held Something clasped to his breast. Twenty feet, or more, behind them a boy, probably originally of their party, was crouched in the dust of the road, tickling a toad with a straw and delighting in its discomfort. In an adjoining field two stalwart young peasants stood with bared heads. Their eyes were fastened on the old man; they seemed to be waiting until he had passed before resuming their work.

"They are walking very slowly; let us pass ahead," Mr. Floyd-Burton proposed, referring to the men coming towards them; and at once he and Mr. Hungerford pulled gently on their bridles.

Neither horse moved.

Amazed, Mr. Floyd-Burton touched his horse, not lightly, with his riding whip. She trembled and pawed the ground, but did not advance one step. Less roughly Mr. Hungerford urged his mare. She would not, it seemed as if she could not, stir.

The men exchanged a startled, questioning glance. Each saw that the other was frightened, afraid of he knew not what. Neither dared make any further effort to force his horse to pass before the humble little procession, but, uneasy and uncomprehending, sat motionless and watched it.

The big peasant reached them and passed, unhurried. His lips were moving as if he talked to himself, but he looked curiously at them. The old man passed, seeing no one.

The two English gentlemen watched the pair until a sharp turn in the road hid them from view, when Mr. Hungerford's horse, obedient to a slight touch, went on as quietly as usual. Mr. Floyd-Burton dug his heels into the flanks of his; she reared and dashed forward. He drew rein beside Mr. Hungerford, who had stopped and was waiting for the little Irish boy. The toad having escaped, he was coming at a leisurely pace. Mr. Floyd-Burton would rather

not have waited, but could think of no objection to offer, or any reason why they must hurry homeward.

The child looked at them, shy and half frightened, until he saw Mr. Hungerford's face; then he smiled. Somehow, all children loved and trusted him, and when he beckoned the little chap went fearlessly to his side and patted his horse while they talked together.

"Tell me, Pat," Mr. Hungerford said, "who are the two men who passed this way a minute ago—one was old, the other middle-aged? Who are they, and where are they going?"

"My name isn't Pat," the boy objected. "It's my big brother that's Pat. I'm Terry."

"Well, Terry, what did it mean? One was ringing a little bell."

The boy looked compassionately at him. He pitied such ignorance, until it suddenly occurred to him that Mr. Hungerford was joking, and then he grinned broadly. "Sure, you know," he laughed.

"Indeed, I do not," Mr. Hungerford assured him, so seriously that the boy understood that he spoke the truth.

"Why, you see, grandma's sick. She's going to die, maybe, and father and I, we came down for Father Delaney. He'll get her ready for heaven." Then, lifting the ragged cap from his ill-kempt, red hair he explained further (and his voice sank almost to a whisper, so reverent was he), "Father Delaney's taking our Lord to her. That's why father rings the bell—to let people know Who's passing."

"Thank you, Terry; I am glad to—to know," Mr. Hungerford said, and gave him a coin which made his eyes shine.

Not one word passed between him and Mr. Floyd-Burton on their way home. They rode fast, forgetful of the beauties about them over which they had loitered, entranced, but a half hour before. They reached Mr. O'Neill's grounds in a surprisingly short time, and had hardly passed through the gates when they saw a slender, white-clad figure alone under the trees.

"Miss O'Neill!" Mr. Floyd-Burton exclaimed in a tone which plainly implied that he would have preferred to slip unobserved into the house.

At that moment she saw them and called brightly, "Isn't this a lovely morning, the loveliest you ever saw? Did you have a pleasant—" By this time horses and riders were so near that she

saw them clearly, and instantly she cut short her conventional question to ask in quite another tone and in a manner grown suddenly anxious, "Why, what is the matter? Did anything happen? Was there an accident?" She had seen both men's faces were white, and their horses spent and flecked with foam.

They dismounted at once, and as they went toward her, leading their horses, Mr. Floyd-Burton replied quickly, "Oh, no, nothing happened; nothing at all!" But his ashy lips gave the lie to his words.

Miss O'Neill turned appealingly to Mr. Hungerford. "You will tell me?"

"Truly, there is nothing to be alarmed about, Miss O'Neill, though something—did happen. We shall explain presently," he answered reassuringly.

A boy had come for the horses, and no more was said until he was gone, when Mr. Floyd-Burton spoke fast and nervously.

"If you will excuse me, Miss O'Neill, I shall go at once to my room. I have important letters to write. Roger can tell you—but it was nothing at all, really nothing!"

It was palpable that his letters were but a pretext, and he wished to evade discussion of a subject for some reason distasteful to him. After a few words more, in lighter vein, he raised his hat and left them, but turned back to say with scorn but thinly veiled, "It is well for Roger to tell you. He will make a far better story than I could of such slight material. He has imagination."

As soon as he was out of hearing Miss O'Neill pleaded earnestly, "Tell me! Please! I knew the moment I saw you both that something had occurred, and had angered or—or troubled Mr. Floyd-Burton."

"Yes, something did happen," he admitted for the second time.

"It—was it painful, disagreeable?"

They were standing face to face, and as she put the question she looked up into his eyes. To her surprise she saw that they were shining with a joy greater than he would be able to put into words.

"Painful?" he repeated. "No, no, not painful—heavenly!"

And pacing back and forth under the elms he told her all: the conversation which had passed between Mr. Floyd-Burton and himself, modifying, of course, Mr. Floyd-Burton's comments on herself and his satirical version of the story about St. Anthony; he told

her how their horses had acted and every word of his conversation with the boy. When he had finished they walked the length of the avenue in silence. Miss O'Neill thought first of Mr. Floyd-Burton, sadly, she thought of him; more hopefully, then, of the silent man beside her. At last she looked questioningly into his face.

"And you?" she said; no more, but he understood.

He did not reply at once. Words never came easily to him when it was his inmost self that struggled for expression. "Surely," he began; paused, and tried again, speaking very softly, "Surely God has shown me Himself—and the way."

During half an hour longer they paced slowly up and down, while above them birds sang gleefully, about them light breezes played, and at their feet flowers shed their fragrance. They talked of what happened that morning, and of other, trifling things. All the world might have listened to every word without consciousness of intrusion; but both were happy in a way the deeper for its peace. They were taking their first sip of the joy of two hearts made one forever, one in love and one in faith.

DROUGHT.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C.S.C.

THERE is no clover, and the frustrate bees,
Abroad upon the fields and down the lane,
Through all the forests of unflowered trees,
Monotonously murmuring, complain.
Murmuring monotonous, with wilding wings
That bear no blosmy burden nightly home,
For all their laboring, but idle things,
But builders of a barren honeycomb.
Thus is it now the summer of my dreams,
When falls no drop of rain or quickening dew;
There are but sands where late were singing streams,
And dusty barrenness where sweet thyme grew:
The bees of all my thoughts are idle long,
There is no honey in the hive of song.

KEEPING UP THE PROTESTANT TRADITION.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., SC.D.



IN reviewing the life of Professor S. F. B. Morse in the February CATHOLIC WORLD, I called attention to the fact that his latest biographer has seen fit to omit all reference to Professor Morse's connection with the very serious outburst of bigotry against the Catholic Church, centring around the Maria Monk fables, which occurred about 1835. It seems scarcely worth while to revive the memory of this disgraceful incident, save that we are again suffering from a wave of bigotry, now much less bitter and intolerant, but still effective in places.

One would recall rather reluctantly the story of Morse's folly if his latest biographer did not defend him, and apparently attempt to produce the impression that Morse was perfectly justified in his activity against the Catholic Church. He confesses that Morse grew more tolerant as he grew older, but that he was still bitterly opposed to the Roman Catholic Church, and to the methods of the Jesuits in particular. He makes Morse's bigotry a patriotic virtue by saying that Morse, "in common with many other prominent men of his day, was fearful lest the Church of Rome, through her emissaries, the Jesuits, should gain political ascendancy in this country and overthrow the liberty of the people." Our non-Catholic brethren opposed Catholics first on the ground of religion, and then as more and more knowledge made it clear how absurd such a contention was, the ground of their opposition was shifted to politics. The blood of Catholics had been shed in the Revolution, and Washington had told his troops how much that ought to mean; it had been shed in the War of 1812; it has always been shed for a country that means as much to Catholic hearts as to non-Catholic. But politics offered them, as it does now, a ready excuse for bigotry.

After all it would not be too much to expect that a man of Morse's intellectual attainments and experience would not easily be led to make himself ridiculous by accepting unquestioningly the most utterly absurd notions with regard to Catholics and the Catholic Church. He was the son of a Congregationalist minister. He

was brought up in a society that prided itself on its education; that considered itself highly cultured. He was a graduate of Yale College. Surely it may be assumed that a college graduate would have sufficient breadth of mind, and historical training to prevent his acceptance of the most palpable absurdities. Besides, Morse had succeeded as a painter. He had made the *grand tour* in Europe—a journey then seldom made by an American; he had lived for a time in Catholic countries. It might reasonably be presumed that he would have shed some of the narrowness of his Puritan upbringing, his Congregationalist family traditions, and the bitter Protestantism that existed at Yale in the early part of the nineteenth century.

Jedediah Huntington (the brother of Daniel Huntington, one of our greatest American painters) himself a descendant of these same old Connecticut families, and the author of a series of rather well-known novels, including *Rosemary*, and a story of student life at Yale in the forties and fifties, relates what extraordinary notions with regard to the Catholic Church prevailed at Yale in the first half of the nineteenth century. These good Puritans were quite sure that the Church was the representative on earth of Antichrist, the great official organization created by the devil out of the original Christian Church, since Christ's promises had failed until Luther came to fulfill them. They knew literally nothing about Church history; they blindly accepted the Protestant tradition; they would doubtless have considered it a tempting of the Holy Ghost to give an opportunity to a Catholic to explain some of their objections; and as for reading a Catholic book, that was *anathema marantha*.

It is rather hard to understand this state of mind in educated men, or at least in men whose professors pronounced them *liberally* educated by giving them their university degree. It is not, however, so surprising that the young men should have entertained these opinions, seeing that they were held by their teachers. Professor Morse settled in New York, and, with the memory of his early family training, emphasized by the years at Yale, saw Catholicism gradually but surely strengthening itself in New York. Catholic immigrants were constantly arriving; Catholic churches were being built; there was a Catholic bishop and many Catholic priests; and, what was so past comprehension as to be almost incredible, there were even some Catholic Sisters teaching and caring for orphans and wayward girls. It was no wonder that Morse was ready to do anything to prevent this rapid increase of the organization of the

infernal powers. His very ardor in the cause made him a ready victim for any form of chicanery.

In 1836, a young woman named Maria Monk made her appearance in New York City, claiming that she was an ex-nun, who, at the peril of her life, had escaped from a convent in Montreal, and who was now ready to reveal the abominations committed in these convents. She told a circumstantial story.

It is surprising now to look back and see the thoroughly respectable, supposedly intellectual, and eminently well-meaning individuals, clergymen and laymen, who, in our modern expressive phrase, permitted themselves to be "taken in" by this lurid tale. The Protestant clergy were among the most numerous victims of the designing young woman, though this was not because of less knowledge, but because their greater interest in the question stimulated them to make public proclamation of their views. Among the believers were lawyers, and doctors, and editors, and prominent merchants, and politicians, besides many of the common people. Among them was Samuel F. B. Morse, then well known only as an American portrait painter.

Maria Monk and her male companion, realizing the gullibility of the extreme Protestants, tried their credulity to the utmost, and apparently convinced them of the truth of their statements. They were welcomed everywhere, were received into select Protestant circles and homes, in spite of the fact that they were strangers, and that the woman in the case was making open confession of familiarity with awful crimes. With hands upraised in holy horror the New York Protestants gathered round to hear of the criminal actions that took place only three hundred miles away, in Montreal. They made no inquiry of Montreal; they asked for no proof. They accepted all Maria Monk's statements without question.

They were confirmed in the teachings of their fathers and understood better their forefathers' bitterness. The utter impossibility of the events described never seems to have occurred to them. Their anti-Catholic training had led them to expect this sort of thing. Usually these crimes were concealed by the diabolical malignity, almost infinite hypocrisy, and unlimited power of the Church in Catholic countries. But now the bars of secrecy were down because the witness was beyond Church jurisdiction in a free Protestant land, and at last the whole story of the awful crimes, fostered even here on the American Continent by people who pretended to be religious, was to be revealed.

One would think that a sense of the ridiculous at least would have warned these well-meaning Protestants of the unguarded way that they were leaving themselves open to the arts of the impostor. Yet, apparently, the idea of trickery never occurred to them. Considering their narrow religious upbringing and creed, it is not, perhaps, incredible that no such suspicion should have crossed their minds. They were only securing confirmation of what they already knew in their hearts *must* be so. It was this previous impression—this prejudice, to use the familiar word—that was the real source of conviction for them. And so it is still for the great majority of non-Catholics the real basis of their opposition to the Church, though, as a rule, they completely fail to realize it.

Maria Monk calmly proceeded to tell the New York Protestants of two generations ago exactly what would suit their prejudices. Her story was a reflection from the mirror of their own minds. She was ready to state anything that she felt they wanted her to say, and anything that they could possibly be made to believe; and their credulity in these matters was almost unlimited. She declared that just as soon as she was admitted to the convent in Montreal and permitted to take the veil, she was initiated into all manner of crimes, which, she further stated, the nuns were in the habit of committing. Now the nuns of whom she spoke were the nursing Sisters of the great Hôtel Dieu, the general hospital in Montreal, which was at that moment probably the best organized hospital on the American Continent. Our general hospital—that of Bellevue—was at that time almost a disgrace, housed in dirty, inadequate quarters, and with its nursing done by what were called “ten-day women,” because they had been sent to Blackwell’s Island for ten days for some form of disorderly conduct, and after being released had been employed in the hospital.

It was against these nursing Sisters doing a work for the poor and sick that required all the devotion of mind and body and uprightness of character that women can possess—for the records show that these good Sisters nursed the immigrants through many an epidemic of typhus and cholera—that Maria Monk told her tale. Of course, New Yorkers knew nothing of the Sisters’ good work. On the contrary, their carefully prejudiced bigotry told them that any such work was merely a pretense, and that the chief reason for the existence of these convents was immorality. How they drank in Maria Monk’s expression when she said: “From that moment (when she received the veil, or religious habit) I was required

to act like the most abandoned of beings!" She learned that all her future associates were habitually guilty of the most heinous and detestable crimes. These crimes were of daily occurrence, and the chief purpose of the convent was to provide an opportunity for more and more of them.

All the crimes of sex were included in the list, and, of course, child murder, because that was more or less inevitably connected with the immorality which was practised. But Maria Monk did not hesitate to go farther than this, and tell the story of deliberate murder practised under the most revolting circumstances. The credulity of even such educated men as the Protestant ministers of New York City, an ex-mayor of Brooklyn, a series of prominent merchants, and S. F. B. Morse was quite equal to accepting these tales with the rest. Maria Monk told in circumstantial detail, so as to produce all possible thrills of horror, the story of the murder of a nun who, refusing to share in these vile crimes, was seized, hurried before five priests and bishops, who sat in awful parody of a Court of Justice, and after a mock trial was sentenced to death. The victim was then immediately bound and gagged, tied face upwards on a bed, mattresses being thrown over her. Then all the five priests jumped upon the bed until they literally crushed the poor victim to death. Her body was then unbound and buried in quicklime in a cellar, where in a very short time all vestiges of this alleged murder was destroyed.

Think of sensible, educated Christian men and women accepting all this without a question. Think of its being the topic of sermons in churches, commented on at religious meetings, published broadcast in religious papers, and think of how blind the people must have been—not, be it recalled, ignorant country villagers, but some of the best informed people in the metropolis of America, barely two generations ago—to accept such arrant nonsense. But we must not forget what blinded them. It was the Protestant tradition of calumny against the Catholic Church. That Protestant tradition still survives. It does not now, except in country districts and where the people are ignorant and backward, venture to ask people to accept such stories as those of Maria Monk, but practically all of the Protestant opposition to the Church is founded on this old Protestant tradition, and the ignorance and prejudice and misrepresentation that it fostered with regard to everything Catholic. Draper, when he wrote his *Conflict of Religion and Science*, was unconsciously following in the Protestant tradition. Even Presi-

dent White as late as 1890, when he wrote his *Warfare of Theology with Science in Christendom*, was following in that same tradition. These university men were so sure that the Church was thoroughly and benignly wrong that it was easy for them to create reasons for their feeling of opposition.

All of Maria Monk's horrible revelations were published as quite serious evidence against the "Black Nuns" of Montreal in the *Protestant Vindicator*—a well-known and widely-circulated religious (?) paper of that time—on October 14, 1835. Three months later in January, 1835, the book bearing the title *Maria Monk's Awful Disclosures* was published in New York with the imprint of Howe and Bates. In the meantime, within a week after the publication of the story, a copy of the paper reached Montreal, and was met by immediate and unanimous contradiction from the whole of the Protestant press of the Province. The Montreal *Herald* said (October 20, 1835):

We will not disgrace our colleagues, nor disgust our readers by copying the false, the abominably false article. Though of a different religious persuasion from the priests and nuns, we have had too many opportunities of witnessing their unwearied assiduity and watchfulness and Christian charity during two seasons of pestilence, and can bear witness to the hitherto unimpeached and unimpeachable rectitude of their conduct, to be in the slightest degree swayed in our opinion by a newspaper slander. We are Protestants and glory in being so; but we will not so far forget the precepts of our Divine Master as to connive at traducing the character of individuals who are exemplary members of society, although they are of a different religious persuasion from ourselves.

The Montreal *Gazette* and the *Rucher Mercury* for October 21, 1835, testified in the same spirit, and with a like cordiality, to the respect, and even veneration, felt by citizens of all denominations for the character and labors of the clergy and nuns of Montreal, and particularly of the Hôtel Dieu, in which the infamous murder above described was said to have taken place. These were testimonies from people who knew. Of course they did not satisfy the New York Protestant clergymen and their following, including many educated Protestants, who had already taken up Maria Monk, and were quite sure that her testimony *must* be true.

A physician of Montreal, well known in the city, himself a Protestant and a Justice of the Peace, then swore that the Maria Monk

who was telling these stories in New York was a prostitute, a girl of low grade intelligence who, under the influence of a paramour who saw the chance to make money out of the gullibility of New York Protestants, had brought her down to the United States for that purpose. Dr. Robertson further testified under oath that having heard of these stories told by Maria Monk in New York, "I thought it incumbent on me to make some inquiries concerning them, and have ascertained where she (Maria Monk) has been residing a great part of the time she states that she was an inmate of the nunnery." He adds that "the accounts given of her conduct in the various places where she really was while claiming to be in the nunnery, corroborate the opinions I had before entertained of her character."

Even this testimony did not make any difference to Protestant New Yorkers. They were quite determined in the view that all these witnesses, even their own brother Protestants, were deceived by the witcheries of Rome and the Scarlet Woman of Babylon.

A rather interesting pamphlet appeared in New York, in 1836, with the legend on the title page: "Published by Maria Monk," and entitled "*Interview of Maria Monk With Her Opponents, the Authors of the Reply to Her Awful Disclosures*, now in press, held in this city on Wednesday, August 17th."¹ This interview was between the interesting Maria and a committee who had come down from Montreal with the avowed purpose of showing that the adventuress knew nothing about the places and buildings in which she said that she had lived for years. Flagrant discrepancies were pointed out, during the course of this interview, between her statements at various times and her inability to describe details of buildings with which, from her story of having lived in them for years, she ought to have been very familiar. Almost needless to say, however, this interview had no effect on the distinguished Protestant gentlemen who were present. They were convinced, beyond

¹The copy of this pamphlet that I have consulted is in the New York Library, and was presented by the library of the Young Men's Christian Association. It is bound in with a series of anti-Catholic pamphlets that give an excellent idea of the almost impossible and quite unreadable sort of thing that Protestants will believe when there is question of believing anything against the Catholic Church. There are stories of converts, most of whom only a little inquiry would have shown to have been very questionable characters, and many of whom, indeed, had subsequently, because of their utterly unchristian lives, to be formally disowned by the Protestant sects that had taken them up; and a series of pamphlets that indicate the need of the Scriptures in Catholic countries. One is reminded of the late Professor Briggs walking into his class-room at the General Theological Seminary in New York, and holding up a copy of the New Testament that he had bought for a penny in Rome, and impressing upon his students that anyone who said that the Bible was not printed and easy and cheap to obtain in Catholic countries was telling an untruth.

possibility of conversion, that Maria Monk's story was true, because they were firmly persuaded that convents and nunneries were just such hotbeds of vice as she had described. Attempts at denial were at once to be suspected, and this committee from Montreal was felt at once to be only a manifestation of an effort to browbeat the poor unfortunate who had suffered so many wrongs, or perhaps to tempt her to go back to Canada in order that her awful story might be suppressed.

The story of the interview as published was followed by a postscript, in which all the attempts of the priests and nuns of Montreal to clear themselves from the vile calumnies of this strumpet were set down as "highly characteristic of Jesuitism." The fact that Protestants had joined with Catholics in Montreal in denouncing the stories as meretricious slanders, utterly unworthy of credence, was only added proof to these Protestant gentlemen of New York, three hundred miles away, of the insidious deterioration of character which occurred even among Protestants whenever they came for any length of time in contact with Catholics, and particularly with priests and nuns.

The one thing that would satisfy these indignant seekers after truth, was that a committee of their number, accompanied by Maria Monk, should be conducted through all the institutions that she mentioned, in order to determine whether her story was true or not. The fact that the pretended escaped nun would thus secure information which she had showed that she sadly lacked before, but which she would be able to use to good advantage in supporting her story afterwards, never seems to have occurred to these gentlemen, nor did they think for a moment of their proposal to intrude on quiet convent life with a vile woman of this kind, seeking a confirmation of her story of unspeakable vileness. Every feeling of gentlemanliness and chivalry was extinguished by their all-consuming desire to secure evidence to satisfy their own prejudices. The names of the committee appointed or who had, at least, been suggested and had evidently expressed their willingness to accompany Maria Monk on this errand of inquisition through the Montreal convent, were as follows: George Hall, Esq. (sometime Mayor of Brooklyn), Samuel F. B. Morse, David Wesson, Esq., and Rev. J. J. Slocum. (Morse was probably the most active and bitterly intolerant of the group in connection with this case.)

In Montreal, because of the stain upon the good name of the city, special efforts were made to get at the whole truth, and, as a

consequence, poor Maria Monk's life story became public property. A little pamphlet was published by Jones & Co. of Montreal in 1836, entitled *An Awful Exposure of the Atrocious Plot Formed Through the Intervention of Maria Monk*. This traces step by step, and authenticates with eighteen affidavits from her successive employers, the places where Maria Monk was in fact residing during the years when, according to her story, she was in the Hôtel Dieu in Montreal.

Even before this was published a thorough investigation of the whole affair, and of all the basis for Maria Monk's story, was made by Colonel W. L. Stone, editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. Like all the other New York Protestants, Colonel Stone, in spite of the fact that he was well educated, an old newspaper man, and presumably well informed and not over-credulous, was as much deceived as others by Maria Monk's story. Indeed, believing ardently in its veracity, he went up to Montreal fully determined to get the truth of the matter, and publish it broadcast under such circumstances as would leave no possible doubt of it. Accompanied by the President of the Bank of Montreal and another Protestant gentleman of the same city, they obtained permission from the bishop, visited the convent, and, with Maria Monk's story in mind, searched every possible nook and corner of it, and every cellar and passage. They interviewed the nuns, and even cross-questioned them, but could get absolutely nothing to confirm in any way the story; on the contrary they secured abundant evidence against it.²

On his return Colonel Stone confronted Maria Monk, several public interviews took place between them, and in every case she made glaring blunders with regard to the convent and the community, and Colonel Stone was able to contradict her on the spot from even his brief and actual experience of the scenes in question. "In ten minutes," writes Colonel Stone, "in the presence of half a dozen other friends, clerical and lay, was the impostor unmasked."

Further investigations showed that the only acquaintance that poor Maria Monk had with the convent was that she had lived in a Magdalen Asylum, an institution for the reclaiming of prostitutes not far from the convent. Affidavits as to Maria's stay in this institution were secured, which served to show not only her habitation there for a time, but also the impossibility of bringing about any reformation of her character.

²See *The True History of Maria Monk*, by William L. Stone, Esq., lately republished in pamphlet form by The Paulist Press, New York.

We may skip some ten years to the time of the poor woman's death. In *Dolman's Register* for October 20, 1849, there is this item: "Two months ago or more the police book recorded the arrest of the notorious but unfortunate Maria Monk, whose book of *Awful Disclosures* created such excitement in the religious world some years since. She was charged with picking the pocket of a paramour in a den near the Five Points. She was tried, found guilty, and sent to prison, where she lived up to Friday last when death removed her from the scene of her sufferings and disgrace. What a moral is here indeed!"³

There is in the story much more than a moral for pitiful creatures like Maria Monk. The moral is for educated Protestants who were so blinded by prejudice that they were ready to accept this absurdly impossible story from a woman of vile character. I wonder if educated Protestants in the East realize that even now this story is being republished and scattered broadcast among the Protestants of the West and South who know nothing about Catholics, except what they have learned from the ever-enduring Protestant tradition? There are actually Protestant ministers who are still engaged in securing the diffusion of this story of Maria Monk. It has been published widely in England for years, because there are still a large number of Protestants who want to read this type of book, and many Protestant ministers, not in good faith, since they know better.

Maria Monk's story has a much more important lesson, which is still to be learned by some. It is that apostate Catholic priests and ex-nuns or those who claim to be such (for more often they are impostors and were never priests or nuns), are the worst possible type of witnesses to trust. If one wishes to know something about a man or an institution, one should seek to learn about it from his or its friends. Bitter enemies are not fair witnesses.

³Many New Yorkers remember that in the next generation Maria Monk's daughter wrote a book in which she tried to undo the harm that had been worked by her mother's so-called revelations. The daughter had become a Catholic, and her volume attracted a good deal of attention, though now it is rather difficult to secure copies of it. I must confess that I have never seen it.

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN.

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.



THROUGHOUT the stormy career of the Abbé de Lamennais, it may be remembered that some measure of peace and serenity of soul lay within his reach at La Chênaie, the remote country house amid the woods round Dinan where he and his brother, the Abbé Jean, had made themselves a home. Thither, after the condemnation of the *Avenir* and his fruitless sojourn in Rome, Lamennais withdrew himself, bitter and dejected, gathering round him a few young men whom he planned to educate in the ideas to which his own life was vowed. With him, as we know, were, for a space, the Abbés Gerbet and Lacordaire, while Montalembert would visit him from time to time, and in the little group of keen intellectual young laymen who were captivated by the brilliant and unbalanced genius of him who was known affectionately to the little circle as M. Féli, were, among others, a young poet, François du Breil de Marzan, and Elie de Kertanguy, who was to become by marriage the nephew of his host. Prayer, study, and long tramps through the beech woods filled the days in this peaceful Breton retreat.

To this elect little band there came, in December, 1832, "an unknown youth of some twenty-two years of age, with a pale face, black hair that was already scant on his forehead, and keen southern eyes in which burned the light of thought, combined however with that particular expression of gentle melancholy which proclaims, together with some secret sorrow, the poetic spirit which accompanies and consoles it." The young man whose appearance made so marked an impression on one at least of M. Féli's disciples, was Maurice de Guérin du Cayla, the younger son of an ancient though impoverished family of Languedoc, the brother of Eugénie, and the author of a *Journal* destined to confer on him after death an imperishable reputation. That circumstances should have brought for a time the self-centred young poet within the radius of the stirring personality of Lamennais, has endowed the green notebook, filled day by day with his musings, with a religious as well as a literary value. For in its pages we find a more vivid

and intimate picture of the semi-monastic life that was led at La Chênaie than any other member of the little coterie has preserved for us. And we find, in addition, pages descriptive of scenery and of the wild forces of nature as they revealed themselves, on the rugged Breton coast, to the startled vision of the southerner, of a beauty rarely met with in French literature.

Maurice de Guérin's early years had been pathetically devoid of the ordinary joys of youth. A dreamy, sensitive, precocious child, he lost his mother in early boyhood, and was sent, at the age of twelve, to the Little Seminary of Toulouse (1822), apparently with some vague idea of preparing him for the priesthood. Thence he was entered at the Collège Stanislas, in Paris, where he remained five long years, without once returning to the company of his brothers and sisters at the Château du Cayla. If this long banishment from the home circle and from the healthy joys of country life, developed in the boy the passion for letter writing, to which we owe the frequent and intimate correspondence with his sister Eugénie, five years his senior, it was undoubtedly also the immediate cause of that habitual melancholy that overshadowed his life, and in all probability it sowed the seeds of the disease that was to cut short his career on the very threshold of literary success.

Before coming to La Chênaie, Maurice had spent a couple of years in Paris, living cheaply in a single room, supporting himself by giving lessons while reading law and trying his hand at journalism. It was a life of privation and much drudgery that, to a man of his temperament, gifted, hyper-sensitive to all beauty, and happy only in intimate communion with nature, must have been singularly irksome. Some of his contributions were inserted in the *Avenir* previous to its suppression, and his letters to Eugénie show how keenly he followed the religious and political movements of his day, and how completely he had been swept off his feet by Lamennais' eloquence. He pours out his enthusiasm to the elder sister in a fine flow of language, in which, in answer evidently to her anxious warnings, he defends the "prodigious beauty" of the Mennaisian doctrines, and upholds "the high and divine policy which elevates, even above the heads of kings, the law of justice visibly manifested in the Church, and which places the rights and liberty of nations under the providence of God" (May 20, 1831). A first sentimental attachment to one of his sister's girl friends, that developed during a long autumn holiday at Le Cayla, doubtless served to render the harassing struggle for a living in Paris still more dis-

tasteful. By this time the publication of the Encyclical *Mirari Vos* (August, 1852) had been followed by Lamennais' formal submission and his retirement to La Chênaie, and it is not surprising that Maurice, with some half-formed aspiration towards a religious vocation still in his mind, and with the instability of purpose that was so serious a handicap to his career, should have suddenly formed the resolution to offer himself as a student. The arrangements were made through a common friend, and it would seem that Lamennais did not know his disciple personally before his arrival at La Chênaie, neither—in the opinion of de Guérin's admirers—did he ever appreciate him at his true value.

Maurice himself, however, nowhere betrays any sense of disappointment in his relation with the man whom he was proud to claim as his master. His devotion to Lamennais was indeed one of the most genuine and permanent emotions of his life, and for a time at least brought out all that was noblest in his nature. "I am in his hands, body and soul," he writes to one correspondent, "and I trust so great an artist will bring forth a statue from the rough block." In the first letters home from La Chênaie everything is painted *couleur de rose*: the fatherly welcome of M. Féli, the sympathetic companionship, the charm of the white, gabled house, standing in a spacious garden, "an oasis in the Breton steppes," with a wide terrace planted with lime trees and a flower-bordered path leading to the little chapel where Mass is celebrated daily. On every side the house was hemmed in by "woods, woods and always woods," and, most entrancing of all, beech woods. After a three days' retreat Maurice feels his soul strengthened and purified, and he flings himself with ardor into the course of studies marked out for him. To his sister Eugénie, waiting anxiously at Le Cayla for news, he writes (December 18, 1832):

All this means that I have set to work, and that work here is serious and without distractions. M. Féli has launched me into foreign languages, beginning with Italian, and at the same time into Catholic philosophy and the history of philosophy. I am enchanted to learn modern languages; they are a powerful instrument of science, and then their study opens up literatures, knowledge of which doubles the power and the pleasure of thought. Of dead languages I am only learning Greek..... So here I am with a great work before me.....but we have so great a general at our head, that I feel full of confidence and am certain of victory.

Knowing as one does the tragedy that was impending, it is impossible to read without a pang this joyous intimate picture of what appeared to be a very ideal Christian school. Almost in his first letter home, Maurice notes, without in any way suspecting the ominousness of the event, that "M. Lacordaire left us two days after my arrival, recalled to Paris by urgent business." It was a rupture between friends that was never to be healed, and the first outward indication of troubles that for the moment lay beneath the surface. De Guérin is still able to dilate on the peaceful charm of the daily life, on the gaiety of the recreation hour, on the brilliancy of M. Féli's conversation—"he says charming things; the keenest, most piercing, most brilliant thrusts escape him at every moment"—on his interior virtues. The young man is indignant at the common opinion that his hero suffers from spiritual pride. The accusation is "inconceivably false." "There is no man more deeply penetrated with humility and the spirit of self-sacrifice." Beside him we have glimpses of M. Gerbet, the future Bishop of Perpignan, "gentlest and most long-suffering of men," whom readers of the *Récit d'une Sœur* will remember as the trusted advisor of the La Ferronnays family. Indeed through the *Letters* and *Journal* there flit many well-known names of visitors to La Chênaie—Montalembert, Sainte-Beuve and others—showing how prominent a place Lamennais still filled in the intellectual life of his day.

How sincere, at the same time, the religious life of the household was during these months, may be gathered from an event that occurred at the ensuing Easter, and that is recorded by Maurice in his *Journal*:

I have been witness of something very touching: François (du Breil de Marzan) brought to us one of his friends whom he has won over to the Faith. The neophyte followed the exercises of our retreat, and on Easter Sunday received Holy Communion with us. François is in the seventh heaven of joy, and must surely have earned much merit. He is still very young, barely twenty; M. de la Morvonnais is thirty and a married man. There is something very pleasing and almost naïve in the conduct of M. de la Morvonnais allowing himself to be led to God by a mere boy; and this youthful friendship, inspired on the side of François by so apostolic a spirit, is as beautiful as it is touching. The two men are neighbors in the country, and they often work together and write each other charming verses on domestic events.

These two friends, both poets, both enthusiasts for literature and sensitive lovers of nature—Hippolyte de la Morvonnais was even to make a pilgrimage to Rydal Mount to pay a tribute of veneration to Wordsworth—were to become the almost inseparable companions of de Guérin during the summer of 1833, and exercised the happiest influence over him.

Intellectually, these nine months at La Chênaie were a period of much profitable study. History, philosophy and science, Greek, German and English, filled the morning hours, and inspired reflections that find their way into the *Journal*, which, started in the previous year, is only kept with any regularity after the arrival in Brittany. If in his letters it is the religious interests of his life, side by side with the external events, that predominate, in the *Journal*, with its greater opportunities for candor, it is his intellectual life, and above all his communings with nature, and the emotions excited in his soul by the unfamiliar scenery amid which he found himself. After the years spent in Paris he flings himself with a passionate rapture into the study of nature, revealing herself in her northern aspects, sometimes austere and wild, sometimes inexpressibly tender and lovely. The sea, too, never before seen, stirs his soul to its depths. French writers, even French poets, so rarely possess that close understanding and detailed knowledge of nature that can only be acquired by an ardent and patient nature-lover, that de Guérin, by the mere fact that he was endowed with the gift in a very high degree, occupies a unique place in the literature of his day. Undoubtedly he may be classed as of the school of Chateaubriand, and of his own favorite author, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. Yet with lesser gifts in other respects, and with an incomparably smaller literary output, he surpassed them both in his emotional capacity for identifying himself with the physical life around him. He felt, in a very real sense, the unity of man with eternal nature. It was a pantheism that is not necessarily either outside of, or in opposition to, Christian faith, that, as in the case of St. Francis, may be the outcome of an intense realization of all natural phenomena as the immediate handiwork of God. Without adopting the exaggerated estimate of his latest biographer, A. Lefranc, who speaks of his power as absolutely extraordinary and without any parallel in literature,¹ we can accept his verdict when he asserts that in none of de Guérin's contemporaries has this inti-

¹See *Maurice de Guérin*. By Abel Lefranc (1910).

mate fusion which places the human being in perfect accord with the external world, been revealed so fully or so continuously.

We know from his sister Eugénie that Maurice's absorption in nature, which would keep him for hours in rapt meditation under a favorite tree, dated from his very childhood. With how precocious a literary gift the boy was endowed, is shown in the little prose poem of surprising beauty, describing the sounds of nature floating in the air, composed at the age of ten or eleven, before he was sent to school at Toulouse. In its simple flowing language, devoid of literary artifice, and in the tender sense of reverence for his theme, the composition has a strange affinity of feeling with St. Francis' *Canticle of the Sun*. Between each unrhymed verse of irregular length, there occurs the refrain: "*O! qu'ils sont beaux ces bruits de la nature, ces bruits répandus dans les airs!*"

It fills one with regret that an unkind fate—or may we not rather say undiscerning parents?—should have condemned the boy to long years of city life, and to the consequent stifling of an imaginative gift that never found full and free expression until a dozen years later when he found himself in Brittany—in Brittany that has given to France some of the greatest of her prose writers—amid surroundings singularly sympathetic to his poet soul. Hence the months at La Chênaie, and later at the Val de l'Arguenon, the beautiful Breton home of the de la Morvonnais family, show a sudden ripening of all his faculties. It is, as has been said, in the *Journal*, far more than in the letters, that this spontaneous expansion betrays itself. As the winter slowly gave way before the retarded spring, the study of Greek and of modern literature was interrupted by long country rambles, during which Maurice notes, with a reverent delight, how "all nature is absorbed in the cares of her measureless maternity." The capricious loveliness of a northern summer draws forth a corresponding fickleness in the young man's moods. On May day he writes, groaning in spirit: "How dismal it is! Wind, rain, and cold. This first of May is like a wedding day turned to a day of mourning." There follows a penetrating page on the sinister moaning of the wind as it lashes the great fir trees behind the house. Such days, he declares, render him sadder than in winter; desolation and darkness fill his soul, and it is as though God Himself had withdrawn His countenance. Happily two days later he is able to record: "An entrancing day, full of sunshine, gentle breezes, sweet scents in the air, and joy in my soul."

On the whole, however, it is the note of sadness that prevails in

the *Journal*. It is true that no Meridional can be transported to the north without suffering occasional homesickness, and Maurice, oppressed by a succession of gray cloud-laden days, pines for the skies of his native Languedoc, "so generous in light, so blue, so broadly arched!" La Chênaie, in all the glory of May time, appears to him indeed as an old woman, all wrinkled and hoary, transformed by the wand of a fairy into an exquisite maiden of sixteen, but he has learned how fugitive such beauty is in the north. And apart from all external causes there is the deep-lying melancholy of his soul that nothing can relieve for long, a melancholy born perhaps of ill health, and nourished by a baffling sense of his own incapacity that haunted him through life. In the very midst of the summer he writes:

These last three weeks have passed miserably, so miserably, indeed, that I have not had the courage to write a single word either here or elsewhere. The bad mood attacked me with extreme violence and reduced me to the last extremity. It was as bad as anything I have had to bear in the past. A letter from Eugénie that arrived in the middle of the attack did me much good, but the crisis had to run its course. My God and my Guardian Angel have pity on me! Shield me from such sufferings!

A few weeks later we find the following pathetic confession:

My interior life withers away day by day; I sink, as it were, into some abyss, and I must have already fallen to a great depth, for the light scarcely penetrates to me any more, and I feel the cold creeping upon me. Oh, I know very well what is dragging me down! I have always said it, and to-day, as I fall, I will repeat it more emphatically than ever: it is the desolating conviction of my own impotence; it is this fatal impotence, a conviction the germ of which I brought here with me, and that has so increased during these eight months that it has ended by crushing me, overthrowing me and flinging me headlong in a fall, the limits of which I cannot see. Yes, I am falling, that is quite certain, for I no longer see what I once saw, I no longer feel what I once felt.

As the autumn advanced, to his interior desolation was added the practical trouble of having to face once again an unknown and unprotected future. The *Journal* says nothing of the causes that compelled his departure from La Chênaie: two lines, short indeed,

but pregnant with feeling, are all that he vouchsafes to a subject that must have been uppermost in his thoughts.

"Here I am," he writes (September 3d), "face to face with the most awful situation—I, the weakest of characters, the most timid of wills." From his letters, however, to his two intimate friends we learn that four days later he bade farewell to M. Féli, and "the doors of the little paradise of La Chénaie" closed behind him. On the wider issues of the religious controversy as revealed in the letters of this time from Lamennais to the Pope and from Gregory XVI. to the Bishop of Rennes, nothing need be said here.² The immediate cause of the dispersal of the little community was the somewhat belated discovery by the bishop of the diocese that Lamennais was the actual head of the Society of St. Peter, of which the household at La Chénaie represented the lay element. The result was an intimation that he was to resign his position as Superior-General in favor of his brother, the Abbé Jean.

"It seems," wrote Maurice to M. de la Morvonnais (September 4th), "that we are to leave here early next week for St. Méen, where we make a week's retreat, and after that we are to shut ourselves up at Ploermel."

This was the home of the Brothers of Christian Instruction, the teaching order of which the Abbé Jean was the founder. The arrangement, however, would not seem to have worked satisfactorily, for a couple of months later (November 7th) Maurice writes again to his friend:

The outcry that has been raging for some time against M. Féli first necessitated our departure from La Chénaie. But a far worse trial awaited me. The Congregation has been placed in so critical a position, and has been compelled to humor such acute susceptibilities, that it has been deemed more prudent to admit no further laymen, and to send away those already received. This decision flings me back upon the world, and forces me to take up once more the difficult task of my own future. All this has happened so suddenly that I have scarcely had time to look round in search of a refuge. I wrote off in haste to the college at Juilly begging for admission, and am daily expecting a reply.....

No reply came, but the serious embarrassment in which the impecunious young man found himself, pending the choice of a

²See *The Abbé de Lamennais and the Liberal Catholic Movement in France*. By the Hon. William Gibson. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1896.)

career, was solved for the moment by Hippolyte de la Morvonnais, who invited him on a long visit to le Val de l'Arguenon, his ancestral home at a wild spot on the Breton coast. The weeks that followed would appear to have been among the happiest in de Guérin's life. The romantic site of the mansion within hearing of the ocean's roar, the intellectual companionship of de la Morvonnais and his friends, combined with the exquisite perfume of a very perfect family life—to which Maurice, after months of seclusion, was characteristically sensitive—rendered the visit in every way memorable. To it we owe some of the most beautiful and poetic pages of the *Journal*, touched with a sense of genuine gratitude to his hosts. Never, he declares, has he participated so intimately and so purely in the joys of family life. He breathes, as it were, a cloud of invisible incense. The personalities of the little circle he describes in a well-known passage:

A man, religious and a poet; a woman whose soul is so intimately united with his as to form but one; a child named Marie like her mother, the first rays of whose love and intelligence shine, like a star, through the white veil of childhood; a simple life in a venerable mansion; the ocean which, morning and evening, brings us its harmonies; finally, a pilgrim from Carmel on his way to Babylon, who has left his staff and sandals at the threshold to take his seat at the hospitable board: of such material a Biblical poem might well be composed were I as competent to describe things as to feel them.

There follow idyllic pictures of daily life at le Val, interspersed with fine passages—very difficult to translate at all adequately owing to the sonorous harmony of the language—describing with a sort of fierce joy the winter storms when the waves chased each other over the vast expanse of waters “like countless hordes of Tartar horsemen galloping ceaselessly across the steppes of Asia.” The old passion for “the sounds of nature” asserted itself once more amid the wild elements of a northern winter, as the young poet lay awake at night listening to the howling of the wind, or tramped the coast in all weathers with his host. Meanwhile the religious sense still remained, indeed, as when he notes: “The moon with a few stars was still shining when the bell summoned us to Mass. How I love this Mass at dawn, celebrated between the last glimmerings of the stars and the first rays of the sun.”

During the five short years of life which was all that remained

to Maurice de Guérin when, in the early spring of 1834, the diligence carried him back to Paris, he never again visited Brittany. The months there, so rich in new impressions and intellectual friendships, had done much to bring his mind to maturity. Back in Paris, aspiring to a journalistic career under the kindly auspices of his friend, Paul Quemper, he still frequented for a time the little coterie of clever young men whose acquaintance he had made at La Chênaie and le Val. On its material side the life he entered upon was a ceaseless struggle with poverty and ill health and the distasteful drudgery of teaching. Only his evenings and his rare leisure could be given to the study and the literary pursuits that he loved, with the result that his published writings during his lifetime were so occasional—a few articles in *La France Catholique* and other reviews—that his reputation scarcely penetrated beyond the circle of his personal friends. These, however, thanks to the charm of his personality, his talents, his melancholy and his good looks, rapidly increased in number. His latest biographer, A. Lefranc, has disinterred many interesting details concerning this period, hitherto wrapped somewhat in obscurity, owing to the comparative rarity of his letters home. Our first knowledge is due mainly to the numerous references to de Guérin discovered in the journal of Barbey d'Aurevilly, the inseparable friend of these later years. They show us Maurice flinging himself, as far as health and means would allow, into the dissipations of Paris life, and suffering both in soul and body. His temporary abandonment of the practices of religion at this time is well known; to his sister Eugénie, as may be gathered from her *Journal*, it was a source of the tenderest sorrow. No doubt the mental attitude of revolt against ecclesiastical authority which he had acquired as a disciple of Lamennais lay at the root of his later indifference, combined perhaps with his increasing absorption in classic art and literature. In any case, his attitude would seem to have been one of drifting away from Catholic influences, rather than any definite intellectual abandonment of the faith of his boyhood.

The last event to record is de Guérin's somewhat amazing marriage (November, 1838), due largely to the friendly offices of d'Aurevilly, to a charming and wealthy creole girl, the sister of one of his pupils. It brought him, if not much happiness, at least leisure to work as he would, and the comforts that his shattered health needed. Unhappily this material good fortune came to him too late. He must indeed have been in galloping consumption when

the marriage was celebrated; Eugénie's *Letters* and *Journal* of this period are full of the poignant terror with which she noted the increasing gravity of his symptoms. Seven months after the marriage she hurried back to Paris to take her place by the bedside of the invalid, and as a last desperate expedient it was resolved to carry him by easy stages back to his home in the South. The journey to Le Cayla lasted three weeks, and for ten brief days longer the dying man lingered, tended with the utmost devotion. Readers of Eugénie's *Journal* will remember the long and touching account, which six months later, she forced herself to commit to paper, of her brother's last days. From this source we learn that his return to faith was far more than a deathbed repentance. The previous Easter, thanks in great measure to his old friend, the Abbé Buquet, one of the masters of the Collège Stanislas, he had received the Sacraments, and through all the last weeks of his illness he submitted himself with an entire docility to the religious influences with which his sister surrounded him. It was the answer to the ardent prayers which daily, all his life long, she had offered on his behalf.

Maurice de Guérin's literary fame is wholly posthumous. An article by George Sand, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (May 15, 1840), first drew the attention of the critics to the rare literary quality of his unpublished remains, more especially of *Le Centaure*, a beautiful prose poem, rich in classical feeling. When, by the good offices of his friends, aided by the eager collaboration of Eugénie, the articles and poems left by him were gathered together and given to the world with the *Journal*, they evoked a burst of enthusiasm, and the brother and sister became the objects of a cult that endures to this day. Yet, when all is said, Maurice's achievement was little more than fragments, of an exquisite quality indeed, but lacking in any unity of thought or any constructive power. Poet as he was in spirit, his verse has never been accorded a high place by French critics. There was in him some fatal element of weakness, of which he was himself at times acutely conscious, due no doubt largely to ill health, which hindered his remarkable gifts from coming to a perfect fruition. Hence the *Letters* and the *Journal*—the unpremeditated outpourings of his idle moments—remain his most delightful and characteristic utterances. Gifted as he was, had he been the equal of his sister in moral qualities, in the power of self-control without which there can be little real achievement, the result would surely have been otherwise. In this instance it was the man who was emotional and unstable, the woman who

was strong and balanced, the prop and counsellor all through life of her brilliant younger brother.

It has been suggested that Lamennais never sufficiently appreciated the pupil whose pen was to preserve many vivid details of the life they led under a common roof—may it not have been because his keen eye detected from the first the irremediable weakness of his nature? Be that as it may, Maurice de Guérin owed much to his master, and his sojourn at La Chênaie gave an impulse both to his imaginative and his intellectual life of incalculable value. Without the pages written in Brittany the *Journal* would be shorn of half its beauty.

THE ROSE WINDOW.

BY ELEANOR TANNER.

I HAVE four windows to my soul,
Facing the Light above:
Faith that is ever near to Hope,
And Fear, most close to Love.

A trembling flame is Faith; and Hope,
Heaven's quickly clouded blue;
Pale opal is surrendered Fear,
Wounded in every hue;
But Love is gold: O rose of gold,
Where only Light reigns true!

And in the centre of my soul
I'm fain at rest to be,
While from above that rose of Love
Alone shines down on me.

COÖPERATION A PARTIAL SOLVENT OF CAPITALISM.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.



COÖPERATIVE production has occasionally been pronounced a failure. This judgment is too sweeping and too severe. "As a matter of fact," says a recent issue of a prominent London weekly, "the co-operators' success has been even more remarkable in production than in distribution. The coöperative movement runs five of the largest of our flour mills; it has, amongst others, the very largest of our boot factories; it makes cotton cloth and woollens, and all sorts of clothing; it has even a corset factory of its own; it turns out huge quantities of soap; it makes every article of household furniture; it produces cocoa and confectionery; it grows its own fruit and makes its own jams; it has one of the largest tobacco factories, and so on." Obviously this passage refers to that kind of productive coöperation which is carried on by the stores, not to productive concerns owned and managed by the workers therein employed. Nevertheless the enterprises in question are coöperatively managed, and hence exemplify coöperation rather than private and competitive industry. They ought not to be left out of any statement of the field occupied by coöperative production. The limitations and possibilities of coöperation in production can best be set forth by considering its three different forms separately.

The "perfect" form occurs when all the workers engaged in a concern own all the share capital, control the entire management, and receive the whole of the wages, profits, and interest. In this field the failures have been much more numerous and conspicuous than the successes. Godin's stove works at Guise, France, is the only important enterprise of this kind that is now in existence. Great Britain has several establishments in which the workers own a large part of the capital, but apparently none in which they are the sole proprietors and managers. The "labor societies" of Italy, consisting mostly of diggers, masons, and bricklayers, coöperatively enter into contracts for the performance of public works, and share in the profits of the undertaking in addition to their wages; but the only capital that they provide consists of comparatively simple and

inexpensive tools. The raw material and other capital is furnished by the public authority which gives the contract.

A second kind of productive coöperation is found in the arrangement known as co-partnership. This is "the system under which, in the first place, a substantial and known share of the profit of a business belongs to the workers in it, not by right of any shares they may hold, or any other title, but simply by right of the labor they have contributed to make the profit; and, in the second place, every worker is at liberty to invest his profit, or any other savings, in shares of the society or company, and so become a member entitled to vote on the affairs of the body which employs him."¹ So far as its first, or profit sharing, feature is concerned, co-partnership is not genuine coöperation, for it includes neither ownership of capital nor management of the business. Coöperative action begins only with the adoption of the second element. In most of the existing co-partnership concerns, all the employees are urged, and many of them required, to invest at least a part of their profits in the capital stock. The most notable and successful of these experiments is the South Metropolitan Gas Company of London. Practically all the company's six thousand employees are now among its stockholders. Although their combined holdings are only about one twenty-eighth of the total, they are empowered to select two of the ten members of the board of directors. Essentially the same co-partnership arrangements have been adopted by about one-half the privately-owned gas companies of Great Britain. In none of them, however, have the workers obtained as yet such a large percentage of either ownership or control as in the South Metropolitan. Co-partnership exists in several other enterprises in Great Britain, and is found in a considerable number of French concerns. There are a few instances in the United States, the most thoroughgoing being that of N. O. Nelson & Co. at St. Louis.

As already noted, the coöperative stores exemplify a third type of coöperative production. In some cases the productive concern is under the management of a local retail establishment, but the great majority of them are conducted by the English and Scottish Wholesale Societies. As regards the employees of these enterprises, the arrangement is not true coöperation, since they have no part in the ownership of the capital. The Scottish Wholesale Society, as we have seen, permits the employees of its productive works to share in the profits thereof; nevertheless, it does not admit them as stock-

¹Schloss, *Methods of Industrial Remuneration*, pp. 353, 354.

holders, nor give them any voice in the management. In all cases the workers may, indeed, become owners of stock in their local retail stores. Since the latter are stockholders in the wholesale societies, which in turn own the productive enterprises, the workers have a certain indirect and attenuated proprietorship in the productive concerns. But they derive therefrom no dividends. All the interest and most of the profits of the productive establishments are taken by the wholesale and retail stores. For it is the theory of the wholesale societies that the employees in the works of production should share in the gains thereof only as consumers. They are to profit only in the same way and to the same extent as other consumer-members of the local retail establishments.

The most effective and beneficial form of coöperative production is evidently that which has been described as the "perfect" type. Were all production organized on this plan, the social burden of interest would be insignificant, industrial despotism would be ended, and industrial democracy realized. As things are, however, the establishments exemplifying this type are of small importance. Their increase and expansion are impeded by lack of directive ability and of capital, and the risk to the workers' savings. Yet none of these obstacles is necessarily insuperable. Directive ability can be developed, in the course of time, just as it was in the coöperative stores. Capital can be obtained fast enough perhaps to keep pace with the supply of directive ability and the spirit of coöperation. The risk undertaken by workers who put their savings into productive concerns owned and managed by themselves, need not be greater than that now borne by investors in private enterprises of the same kind. There is no essential reason why the former should not provide the same profits and insurance against business risks as the latter. While the employees assume none of the risks of capitalistic industry, neither do they receive any of the profits. If the coöperative factory exhibits the same degree of business efficiency as the private enterprise, it will necessarily afford the workers adequate protection for their savings and capital. Indeed, if "perfect" coöperative production is to be successful at all, its profits will be larger than those of the capitalistic concern, owing to the greater interest taken by the workers in their tasks, and in the management of the business.

For a long time to come, however, it is probable that "perfect" coöperative production will be confined to relatively small and local industries. The difficulty of finding sufficient workers' capital and

ability to carry on, for example, a transcontinental railroad or a nation-wide steel business, is not likely to be overcome for one or two generations.²

The labor co-partnership form of coöperation is susceptible of much wider and more rapid extension. It can be adapted readily to the very large, as well as to the small and medium sized, concerns. Since it requires the workers to own but a part of the capital, it can be established in any enterprise in which the capitalists show themselves willing and sympathetic. In every industrial corporation there are some employees who possess savings, and these can be considerably increased through the profit sharing feature of co-partnership. A very long time must, indeed, elapse before the workers in any of the larger enterprises could get possession of all, or even of a controlling share, of the capital, but so much time would probably be needed to educate and fit them for successful management.

Production under the direction of the coöperative stores can be extended faster than either of the other two forms, and it has before it a very wide, even though definitely limited, field. The British wholesale societies have already shown themselves able to conduct with great success large manufacturing concerns, have trained and attracted an adequate number of competent leaders, and have accumulated so much capital that they have been obliged to invest several million pounds in other enterprises. The possible scope of the stores and their coöperative production has been well described by C. R. Fay: "Distribution of goods for personal consumption, first, among the working class population; second, among the salaried classes who feel a homogeneity of professional interest; production by working class organizations alone (with rare exceptions in Italy) of all the goods which they distribute to their members. But this is its limit. Distribution among the remaining sections of the industrial population; production for distribution to these members; production of the instruments of production, and production for international trade; the services of transport and exchange: all these industrial departments are, so far as can be seen, permanently outside the domain of a store movement."³

The theory by which the stores attempt to justify their exclusion of the employees of their productive concerns from a share of the profits thereof, is that all profits come ultimately from the pockets of the consumer, and should all return to that source. The

²*Cf.*, however, Mr. A. R. Orage's work on *Guild Socialism*.

³*Op. cit.*, p. 341.

defect in this theory is that it ignores the question whether the consumers ought not to be required to pay a sufficiently high price for their goods to provide the producers with profits in addition to wages. While the wholesale stores are the owners and managers of the capital in the productive enterprises, and on the capitalistic principle should obtain the profits, the question remains whether this is necessarily a sound principle, and whether it is in harmony with the theory and ideals of coöperation. In those concerns which have adopted the labor co-partnership scheme, the workers, even when they own none of the capital, are accorded a part of the profits. It is assumed that this is a fairer and wiser method of distribution than that which gives the laborer only wages, leaving all the profits to the manager-capitalist. This feature of co-partnership rests on the theory that the workers can, if they will, increase their efficiency and reduce the friction between themselves and their employer to such an extent as to make the profit sharing arrangement a good thing for both parties. Consequently the profits obtained by the workers are a payment for this specific contribution to the prosperity of the business. Why should not this theory find recognition in productive enterprises conducted by the coöperative stores?

In the second place, the workers in these concerns ought to be permitted to participate in the capital ownership and management. They would thus be strongly encouraged to become better workers, to save more money, and to increase their capacity for initiative and self-government. Moreover, this arrangement would go farther than any other system toward reconciling the interests of producer and consumer. As producer, the worker would obtain, besides his wages, interest and profits up to the limit set by the competition of private productive concerns. As consumer, he would share in the profits and interest which would otherwise have gone to the private distributive enterprises. In this way the producer and consumer would each receive the gains that were due specifically and respectively to his activity and efficiency.

At this point it will perhaps be well to sum up the advantages and to estimate the prospects of the coöperative movement. In all its forms coöperation eliminates some waste of capital and energy, and therefore transfers some interest and profits from a special capitalist and undertaking class to a larger and economically weaker group of persons. For it must be borne in mind that all coöperative enterprises are conducted mainly by and for laborers or small farmers. Hence the system always makes directly for a better

distribution of wealth. To a considerable extent it transfers capital ownership from those who do not themselves work with or upon capital to those who are so engaged, namely, the laborers and the farmers; thus it diminishes the unhealthy separation now existing between the owners and the users of the instruments of production. Coöperation has, in the second place, a very great educational value. It enables and induces the weaker members of economic society to combine and utilize energies and resources that would otherwise remain unused and undeveloped; and it greatly stimulates and fosters initiative, self-confidence, self-restraint, self-government, and the capacity for democracy. In other words, it vastly increases the development and the efficiency of the individual. It likewise induces him to practise thrift, and frequently provides better fields for investment than would be open to him outside the coöperative movement. It diminishes selfishness and inculcates altruism; for no coöperative enterprise can succeed in which the individual members are not willing to make greater sacrifices for the common good than are ordinarily evoked by private enterprise. Precisely because coöperation makes such heavy demands upon the capacity for altruism, its progress always has been and must always continue to be relatively slow. Its fundamental and perhaps chief merit is that it does provide the mechanism and the atmosphere for a greater development of the altruistic spirit than is possible under any other economic system that has ever been tried or devised.

By putting productive property into the hands of those who now possess little or nothing, coöperation promotes social stability and social progress. This statement is true in some degree of all forms of coöperation, but it applies with particular force to those forms which are carried on by the working classes. A steadily growing number of keen-sighted social students are coming to realize that an industrial system which permits a comparatively small section of society to own the means of production and the instrumentalities of distribution, leaving to the great majority of the workers nothing but their labor power, is fundamentally unstable, and contains within itself the germs of inevitable dissolution. No mere adequacy of wages and other working conditions, and no mere security of the workers' livelihood, can permanently avert this danger, nor compensate the individual for the lack of power to determine those activities of life which depend upon the possession of property. Through coöperation this unnatural divorce of the users from the owners of capital can be to a considerable

degree minimized. The worker is converted from a mere wage earner to a wage earner plus a property owner, thus becoming a safer and more useful member of society. In a word, coöperation produces all the well-recognized individual and social benefits which have in all ages been evoked by the "magic of property."

Finally, coöperation is a golden mean between individualism and Socialism. It includes all the good features and excludes all the evil features of both. On the one hand, it demands and develops individual initiative and self-reliance, makes the rewards of the individual depend upon his own efforts and efficiency, and gives him full ownership of specific pieces of property. On the other hand, it compels him to submerge much of the selfishness and indifference to the welfare of his fellows which characterize our individual economy. It embraces all the good that is claimed for Socialism, because it induces men to consider and to work earnestly for the common good, eliminates much of the waste of competitive industry, reduces and redistributes the burdens of profits and interest, and puts the workers in control of capital and industry. At the same time, it avoids the evils of an industrial despotism, of bureaucratic inefficiency, of individual indifference, and of an all-pervading collective ownership. The resemblances that Socialists sometimes profess to see between their system and coöperation, are superficial and far less important than the differences. Under both arrangements the workers would, we are told, own and control the means of production; but the members of a coöperative society directly own and immediately control a *definite amount of specific capital*, which is essentially *private* property. In a Socialist régime the workers' ownership of capital would be collective not private, general not specific, while their control of the productive instruments with which they worked would be shared with other citizens. The latter would vastly outnumber the workers in any particular industry, and would be interested therein not as producers but as consumers. No less obvious and fundamental are the differences in favor of coöperation as regards the vital matters of freedom, opportunity, and efficiency.

In so far as the future of coöperation can be predicated from its past, the outlook is distinctly encouraging. The success attained in credit, agriculture, and distribution is a sufficient guarantee for these departments. While productive coöperation has experienced more failures than successes, it has finally shown itself to be sound in principle, and feasible in practise. Its extension will necessarily

be slow, but this is exactly what should be expected by anyone who is acquainted with the limitations of human nature, and the history of human progress. If a movement that is capable of modifying so profoundly the condition of the workers, as is coöperative production, gave indications of increasing rapidly, we should be inclined to question its soundness and permanence. Experience has given us abundant proof that no mere system or machinery can effect a revolutionary improvement in economic conditions. No social system can do more than provide a favorable environment for the development of those individual capacities and energies which are the true and the only causal forces of betterment.

Nor is it to be expected that any of the other three forms of coöperation will ever cover the entire field to which it might, absolutely speaking, be extended; or that coöperation as a whole will become the one industrial system of the future. Even if the latter contingency were possible it would not be desirable. The elements of our economic life, and the capacities of human nature, are too varied and too complex to be forced with advantage into any one system, whether Capitalism, Socialism, or Coöperation. Any single system or form of socio-economic organization would prove an intolerable obstacle to individual opportunity and social progress. Multiplicity and variety in social and industrial orders are required for an effective range of choices, and an adequate scope for human effort. In a general way, the limits of coöperation in relation to the other forms of economic organization have been satisfactorily stated by Mr. Aneurin Williams: "I suggest, therefore, that where there are great monopolies, either natural or created by the combination of businesses, there you have a presumption in favor of state and municipal ownership. In those forms of industry where individuality is everything; where there are new inventions to make, or to develop or put on the market, or merely to adopt in some rapidly transformed industry; where the eye of the master is everything; where reference to a committee, or appeals from one official to another would cause fatal delay: there is the natural sphere of individual enterprise pure and simple. Between these two extremes there is surely a great sphere for voluntary association to carry on commerce, manufacture, and retail trade, in circumstances where there is no natural monopoly, and where the routine of work is not rapidly changing, but on the whole fairly well established and constant."⁴

⁴*Copartnership and Profit-Sharing*, p. 235.

The province open to coöperation is, indeed, very large. If it were fully occupied the danger of a social revolution would be non-existent, and what remained of the socio-industrial problem would be relatively undisturbing and unimportant. The "specialization of function" in industrial organization, as outlined by Mr. Williams, would give a balanced economy in which the three great socio-economic systems and principles would have full play, and each would be required to do its best in fair competition with the other two. Economic life would exhibit a diversity making strongly for social satisfaction and stability, inasmuch as no very large section of the industrial population would desire to overthrow the existing order. Finally, the choice of three great systems of industry would offer the utmost opportunity and scope for the energies and the development of the individual. And this, when all is said, remains the supreme end of a just and efficient socio-industrial organization.

[THE END.]

THE SEA WINDS.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

O WINDS that sweep along the singing wires,
Great winds of God from His vast solemn seas,
They stir strange hopes, your eerie melodies
Like spirit echoes of seraphic choirs.
I listen with a soul that never tires!
"Speak, Lord! Thy servant heareth." Every breeze
Brings words of comfort or of strength to ease
The pain of loss and Life's poor burnt-out fires.

Ye blow across the blue—the tender blue
Of March, whose loving thought is of the bloom
In store and soon to come. I hope anew!
The misty ocean so enwrapped in gloom
Ye cross it, safe. "Eternity's deep sea
Waits soft and safe," ye say, "dear Heart, for thee."

OUR LADY'S ROSES.

BY N. H. WATTS.



IN a tree in a garden grew a little rosebud. For days she slept behind her green curtains, and all her world was dark. But one morning she turned and stretched herself, and moved her little green curtain aside, and looked out upon the garden.

"Why, what a beautiful place the world is!" she said, "and what a beautiful creature I am!" And for a long time she was quite speechless in admiration of the delicate pink flush in which her petals were dressed.

The next morning she awoke to find all her green curtains drawn, and the dew upon her turned to jewels by the bright warm sun, which was smiling at her over the tree tops. And again the little rosebud looked out upon the garden.

"Why, it is more beautiful than ever!" she cried. "And to think that all my life I shall hang upon this spray, and gaze upon the beautiful world! I shall be happy here forever."

So she heaved a great sigh of contentment, and as she drew in her breath, she inhaled her own wondrous fragrance, and laughed for joy, so that all her petals opened a wee bit wider.

"Oh, I am the most charming creature in the universe!" she said. And all that day her joy made her open her petals wider and wider, that she might drink in all the beauty and happiness that she saw around her.

The first thing she saw next day when she opened her eyes was a little lark, who sprang up from the grass at the foot of the tree whereon she grew, and soared straight up into the far blue sky.

"Little lark, little lark," said the rosebud, "why do you fly so high? Are you not content to stay in this beautiful garden always?"

"Rosebud, rosebud," said the lark, as she climbed up and up, "I can see far finer sights up here. Away over the plain I can see a great city, where men are toiling and sorrowing and rejoicing. I can see great ships sailing up a broad river, and bringing to the city rich freights from every land. And far beyond I can see the tumbling sea, whereon sail brave men bent on great adventure.

And I can hear the cries of all the world mounting up to God, and praising Him for its sorrow and its joy. And it is all so wonderful that I cannot help singing and singing forever."

The rosebud heaved another tiny sigh, a sigh of longing this time, and hung her little pink head. Somehow the garden did not look so beautiful as it had looked a minute ago.

Up and up soared the lark, straight into the sunlight, until he was lost to view. But his song still rang clear and loud, and the sound of it was like the song the angels sing when a little child is born.

In a few minutes a white butterfly came dancing along the garden path.

"Let me talk to you for a moment," said the butterfly to the rosebud. "I have just been talking to the lily over there. Out of mere politeness I had to stay a full half-minute, but she bored me to distraction. Goodness, it is so dull, is it not? But let me stay and talk to you, for I am sure you will not bore me."

The rosebud was so flattered that she positively blushed two shades darker, and said:

"Dear little butterfly, how very kind you are! But do tell me one thing. Why do you always flutter about? Are you not content always to sit in the same place, and gaze on this beautiful garden?"

"What!" cried the butterfly, with a little giggle of amusement. "Stay always in one place! Why, I should be bored to death. What is the use of life without constant change of scene? I have traveled to the very ends of the garden, and have exchanged views with all sorts and conditions of creatures. Society, my dear, society, that is the only thing worth living for. But, of course, you are very young as yet, very young indeed. And what a disgusting creature that sunflower is! Loud brazen thing! Some people are so distressingly vulgar. Well! Ta-ta! I must be getting on."

And off she flew, and dropped in for a chat with a huge gaudy peony a couple of yards away.

And the little rosebud became very pensive, and in her sadness she let her head droop so low that she almost brushed against her elder sister, who was growing on a spray just beneath her.

"Why are you so sad, little sister?" said the elder rose, looking up at her.

The little rosebud heaved a very deep sigh. "I was think-

ing," she said, "that it was rather unkind of God to put us poor flowers in one place all our lives. All our lives we must hang here upon this tree, and should anyone chance to pluck us, we should leave this tree only to die. Beautiful as is this garden, its beauty will pall after a while, and then our life will be but a dead thing. And, besides, there are far fairer sights and sounds in the great world beyond the hedge yonder. There are cities full of toil and sorrow and joy. There are great ships that sail from far countries over the sea. And then, moreover, one needs change and society, and what change and society can any flower get? Ah, life is a very sad and a very cruel thing!"

"Little sister," said the rose, "I have been full bloom for five days now, so you must not mind if I speak to you as one who knows more of the world than yourself. God has indeed bound us to live our whole lives out in one place until we die; but if you knew more of the world you would know that this is a privilege and not a punishment, a blessing and not a curse. For God has willed that we should see not alone the surface of things, but their heart, that our knowledge should be not broad, but deep as truth, and far-seeing as love. So he bids us live not for ourselves, but for others, not to spend, but to be spent, not to enjoy, but to be enjoyed. Ours is the highest duty to which any creature is called, the duty of self-sacrifice."

Again the little rosebud hung her head. "But," she said, "we are so poor and frail and helpless. A puff of wind could scatter all our lovely petals upon the path. A single hailstone might wreck us in a moment. How and why should *we* be called to this great duty?"

"Little sister," said the rose, "look at the deepening scarlet of your petals. Draw in your breath, and inhale the wondrous perfume that lurks about your heart. Was it for nothing, think you, that God gave you that perfume and that color? No! We flowers are born to keep joy alive in the world. We must die that joy may be born."

"But how can we bring joy to anyone?" said the rosebud. "Why, no one has even seen me yet except the gardener, and he passed by without giving me so much as a single glance."

"Little rosebud," said her sister, "before you were awake yesterday, the gardener came to gather a bouquet for the Princess. We had an elder sister then, who grew upon the spray to my right. She was the loveliest of us all, and, when the gardener saw her, he

picked her, and put her in the centre of the bouquet. For a few days she will stand in the Princess' bower, and all the courtiers and fine ladies will admire her. She will be the proudest and happiest flower in the world."

"And what will happen to her then?" said the rosebud.

"She will be thrown away upon a rubbish heap," said her sister. "She will lie there dying amid heaps of rotting refuse. But that will not matter. She will have given birth to joy, and joy can never die."

The little rosebud shuddered. She did not like the thought of dying on a rubbish heap.

"And is there no higher end to which we roses may aspire?" she asked with a sigh.

"Yes," said the elder rose, "there is a higher end, but I cannot tell you what it is, for I do not know. Only my heart tells me that it is so, and the heart of a rose was never known to tell a lie. I pray every day that this may be my end." And she too sighed in her turn.

The little rosebud lay awake until quite late that night, wondering what this great end could be, and she also prayed that it might be hers. Then, just as she was dozing off, she felt a gentle kiss on her forehead, and, opening her eyes with a start, found that a dear little dewdrop had settled upon her.

"Oh, you beautiful little thing," she said, "where did you come from, and why did you kiss me like that? It made me happier than I have ever been in my life."

"The good God sent me to you," replied the dewdrop, "to tell you that your prayer is answered, and that you are to die the noblest death that any rose can die. Sleep now, and rest in perfect peace, for God, Who loves and watches over all His creatures, has you in His special keeping. And let me stay with you through the night, for early in the morning I must fly home again to God."

The little rosebud was filled with a deep joy and thankfulness. "Sister, sister," she cried, "wake up for one minute, and hear what the little dewdrop has come to tell me. I am to die the noblest death that any rose can die."

"Praise be to Him for His great goodness!" said her sister. "And O my darling, pray to Him for me too, that I may not be forgotten when the hour of my death shall come. Good-night, little sister!"

Then they both fell into a calm sleep, and all night the dew-

drop lay upon the brow of the rosebud, and told her stories of heaven as she slumbered.

All night long a great peace lay upon the garden. There was no sound through all its lawns and beds and terraces, nor anything that moved, save when an owl cried from the dark woods that clothed the hills around, or when a little breeze awoke from time to time and rustled softly among the flowers. Then, while a pale star still gleamed here and there among the cloud rifts, and before the first shy bird broke into song, a sudden heavy storm came down, and passed away with as great suddenness as it had begun. Behind her green curtains the little rosebud slept soundly through it all; not a hailstone touched her. But when the sun rose in a clear sky, and all the birds were singing, she opened her eyes and looked out upon the garden, and saw a sight that filled her with sorrow and dismay. There on the path below her lay her sister, torn almost petal from petal by the pitiless storm, beaten and drowned and all but dead, among the hailstones that still lay gleaming harmlessly upon the gravel. The dewdrop had vanished, and for one moment the little rosebud knew all the anguish of utter loneliness, than which there is no more terrible affliction.

"Ah, dear sister!" she cried, "what has happened to you? How shall I be able to live without you?"

"Good-bye!" whispered the dying rose, "I die happy, for I know that God will use me as He thinks best. His will be done."

Then there was a sound of feet in the distance, and the gardener's boy came up with a wheelbarrow full of weeds. He put down his barrow, picked up the rose, threw her among the weeds, and went on his way down the path.

The day that followed was the loveliest of all the lovely spring-time. How the grass sparkled under the bright sunshine! How the birds sang, as though their hearts would break with joy! And how every flower lifted up its frightened head after the storm, and thanked God for its life! All the garden was one voice of gladness. Only the poor little rosebud, left quite alone on the tree, was very sad, and longed for death. Life seemed so useless and so vain, and God seemed only to mock His creatures with the hope and the loveliness that He gave to them.

Towards midday a youth and a maiden came strolling together down the garden path. They were both nobly dressed and very beautiful, and their voices broke into ripples of happy laughter as they came, as the sea wave breaks into ripples upon the shore.

When they came to the tree whereon the rosebud grew they stopped.

"See what a lovely little bud!" said the maiden, as she bent her head down towards it; "it looks so human, too. I am sure it feels joy and sorrow just as we do."

"What pretty nonsense!" said the boy, laughing; "but, as you say, it is a lovely little thing. There is only one fit setting for it. You must let me pick it and twine it in your hair. Then I shall say that there is no lovelier flower in all the world." And he put out his hand to pluck it.

But the maiden caught his hand and pulled it back. "No, no; you must not pluck it," she said. "Do you not know that the Princess has given orders that all the most beautiful flowers in the garden are to be gathered in baskets to-morrow to be strewn before Our Lord's Body when It is carried in procession through the village? This rose is dedicated to His service, and you surely would not rob Him of His due."

"What a pity," said the youth, "that such a lovely flower should be torn petal from petal and cast down in the mud, to be trodden under the feet of ignorant villagers. Besides, this one bud will never be missed from among so many. There are hundreds of roses in the garden."

"Hush!" she replied. "The good God would miss it. Perhaps He has willed that it should spend its beauty in His service. He has spared very much for you. Will you not spare Him this one rose?"

The lad flushed deeply, and hung his head. "You are quite right," he murmured. "Forgive me; I was thoughtless."

She took his hand, and pressed it gently, and they went on together down the path. Soon the little rosebud heard them talking and laughing again as gaily as ever.

Then into the dark heart of the poor little rose there poured a great flood of light. All her sorrows and disillusion melted into a deep peace and joy. This, then, was the secret of her color and her fragrance. She was to make sweet and soft the way of the King of Kings, as He passed in purple pomp among His people!

And now, as she looked out upon the garden, like a flash burst upon her the secrets of all the world. She saw the whole range of life and death pictured in that narrow enclosure. From her little tree she saw all that the lark had seen, broad seas and great cities, filled with toil and sorrow and joy. She looked deep into the heart

of each tiny creature, and knew it, not as the butterfly knew it, but as Love Himself. And she saw brooding over all suffering and all sorrow a Figure with marred visage and wasted eyes, whispering to the world to hope beyond hope, to trust where trust was dead, because joy was above death and beyond all, because the way led out of shadows and images into the undying and all-prevailing Truth, which was Love.

She had but a few hours of life, but a few hours in which to praise God for her being. Then she would fall into the Everlasting Arms and be at peace.

It was a lovely morning of June, and the folk in their brightest dresses were gathering to the church. The deep bell tolled a few strokes and died. Then the great organ lifted up its voice, and filled the arches with melody, as the priest moved to the altar, and the Mass began.

Through the people who waited without ran a shudder of joyful awe, like the shudder that runs over a great field of wheat, when the first breeze of morning stirs. Through the doors which were flung wide for the King, came the great silver crucifix, lifted on high, followed by the white-robed choristers; then two tiny boys, each bearing in his hand a basket of petals of all manner of flowers. As they walked, they took the fragrant bloom in their hands and, kissing it tenderly, cast it upon the ground, resigning it with love to its glorious humiliation.

There were unbelievers among the bystanders, who murmured, "Look at all those lovely rose petals! Torn up and trampled in the mud! There are scores of poor folk starving about us, and these people, who profess to follow Christ, forsooth, let them starve, while they scatter their roses broadcast." So they said among themselves, and remembered not one of old, who asked, "To what purpose is this waste?"

Then, borne beneath a scarlet canopy surmounted with silver bells, came the Blessed Host, and the folk knelt on the bare ground and bowed low as It passed. And the old hymn rose and fell upon the breeze, as the pageant went on its way.

*Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui;
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.*

So they passed away down the village street, and the singing died in the distance. And there lay the petals upon which the King had walked, soiled and crushed, yet proud in death. And a wind passed over the place, and carried them away, and the tide of human traffic covered their memory, and Corpus Christi and its great rite was done for that year.

The great St. Michael knelt before Our Blessed Lady with a tender lovely rosebud in his hand.

"Accept this creature of God, O Queen of Heaven," he said, "for she hath done Thy Son good service this day."

Then came also and knelt the Angel Gabriel, bearing in his hand a beauteous rose full-blown.

"Accept also this, her sister," he said, "for her love and good will were exceeding great, and she hath borne bitterness of exceeding great sorrow."

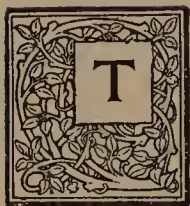
And Our Blessed Lady bent down, and took them both with great tenderness, and laid them upon her breast.

And I doubt not, dear reader, that one day you shall see them there, sweeter and more fragrant than ever they were on earth.

GALICIA AND THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

BY F. A. PALMIERI.

I.



THE terrific war which to-day lays waste the most civilized nations of Europe, and marks a dire return to the cruelties of ancient barbarism, will no doubt result in the political reconstruction of the entire map of Europe. Nations which had almost attained supremacy in the struggle for the enlargement of their own frontiers, or the development of their commercial expansion, now seem doomed to a fatal and rapid decay—even to national disruption. Other nations, on the contrary, which lay crippled in their vital functions, are now shaking off their torpor, playing a new rôle in the theatre of the world's history, and, by their unbidden and powerful coöperation, are preparing to give a new impulse and a new alignment to the political life of Europe.

It is needless to point out that this radical evolution in the ethnical elements of European peoples, this political whirlpool which changes the face of the whole Old World, will be followed by no less important shifting of scenes among the religious forces of the belligerent nations. Political interests are generally so entangled with the religious life of a nation as to affect the religious field when new political settlements come to alter the ordinary course of life. And this assertion is the more convincing when we consider that the religious bodies of some of those nations, which hope for an advancement in their material fortunes after the present war, deserve to be regarded more as political than as religious institutions. We allude to the western Orthodox Churches, whose past and present history makes it clear that they are very often but servile instruments in the hands of the political rulers.

As far as we can foresee, the present war, while weakening the spirit of international fellowship in the heart of European Prot-

NOTE.—Orthodoxy means, of course, the Russian Schismatic Church; Catholic Church means the Catholic Church, that is, the Church whose head is the Bishop of Rome, the successor of St. Peter; Uniat, a Church in union with the See of Rome, but privileged to use a rite other than the Latin.—[ED. C. W.]

estantism, will mark a rush of Orthodox Christianity into the secular fiefs of the Catholic Church. The long-buried Byzantine Empire appears to be emerging from its tomb, and perhaps will play again a leading part in the history of mankind. A powerful, gifted, and prolific race is anxious to reach the heights which it deserves by reason of its genius, its numbers, its glorious and magnificent past. The Slavic race, which covers a large part of our globe, yearns for a release from the darkness of its mediæval life, for a broadening of its, until now, very limited horizon. And, if we are not mistaken, the most powerful representative of the Slavic races, Russia, will enter the lists as a champion of Orthodox claims, and in the newly-conquered countries will raise the banner of the Orthodox Church. And, we need scarcely add, there is no corner in the wide world where the Orthodox Church holds sway, in which there does not flourish a spirit of antagonism to the Catholic Church.

The fatal advance of the Orthodox Church will occur simultaneously on the northern and southern frontiers of the Catholic Church in Europe. Russians, Servians, and Greeks with one accord will attempt to break into dominions either dependent upon the Catholic Church, or upon which the Catholic Church exerts a living influence. What result will follow from this invasion of Greek and Slavic Orthodoxy into countries imbued with the spirit of Western civilization and Roman Catholicism? I may say in the beginning that I am firmly convinced of the necessity, and even the possibility, of the reunion of Christendom. But so consoling a conviction need not blind one to actualities, nor should optimism conceal or underestimate the impending dangers which are threatening our Holy Church.

In my opinion, any enlargement of the frontiers of both Slavic and Greek Orthodoxy means for the Catholic Church a step backward from the positions it has held, sometimes at the cost of heroic sacrifices. The triumph of the Slavic races, far from giving it a new element to be smelted in its crucible, would surround it with a row of iron stakes, to check its energies in other directions.

I am aware that the prophet of evil finds no favor with persons of optimistic vision. Yet, on the ocean of faith, prudent sailors ought not to sleep in the cheerful vision of a perpetually lasting calmness of sea and radiance of sky. They ought also to foresee the dark clouds and wild waves of dreadful tempests which may either hurt or even dash to pieces their vessel. And, in a moment when interests so vitally important to the future of Catholicism

are at stake, it is a question of prudence, in my opinion, not to avoid the prospect, but to face squarely the dangers with which the advance of the Slavs is fraught.

II.

From the northern part of Europe the invasion of the Orthodox Church upon the domain of the Catholic Church, will be attempted under the powerful influence of the Russian Empire. In all likelihood, Galicia will be the theatre of a hard struggle between Greek and Latin Churches, between Greek and Latin rites; between the rigid traditionalism of the Byzantine spirit, and the vital expansion of Western Christendom.

At the very moment of writing, Galicia, one of the largest dependencies of the Austrian Empire, has been wasted and exhausted by stubborn fighting between the Russian and the Austrian armies. But if, as we foresee, it will never be given up to the dynasty of the Habsburgs, on its soil still moist with the blood of battles, political war will be followed at once by religious strife.

Galicia has an area of thirty thousand three hundred square miles and a population of seven million five hundred thousand. But, as is the case with all the states incorporated in the Austrian Empire, the population is a medley of various races embittered, one against the other, by a secular hatred, both political and religious. There are, perhaps, one million Jews in Galicia; the remaining population consists of one-half Poles and one-half Ruthenians. The Poles are mostly crowded together in big towns, and in Western Galicia, the capital of which, Cracow, is for them the sanctuary of their miserably dismembered country. Ruthenians, on the contrary, are gathered in villages and rural towns of Eastern Galicia, whose area is twice as extensive as that of Western Galicia. Both Russian diplomacy and Russian Orthodox clergy claim Eastern Galicia as a territory torn by violence from the Russian Orthodox Church. These claims, it must be admitted, are not without foundation. In former times, the Ruthenians of Galicia were fervent adherents of the Orthodox Faith. Lemberg, the capital of Eastern Galicia, had become the seat of an Orthodox confraternity which played an important rôle in the history of the struggle to suppress Latin propaganda in Russia. Nevertheless, the Union of Brest (1595) led a large Ruthenian quota into the pale of the Catholic Church. A famous Bull issued by Clement VIII. allowed the

Ruthenian clergy to preserve their rites, their liturgical tongue, the marriage of priests, and to be organized, as is the Latin Church, into distinct dioceses. These privileges granted by the Pope were confirmed on several occasions by Polish kings.

But, sad to confess, the Latin clergy in Poland did not, at the beginning, realize the future importance of the Union of Brest. Their hostility toward the democratic flock of Ruthenian people was attended with the saddest consequences. It was especially the fault of the Latin clergy that the Ruthenian Uniat Church sunk to the lowest ebb. Bishop Likovski, of Posen, an eager Polish patriot, recognizes openly that, by her behavior to Uniat Ruthenians, unhappy Poland has dug her own grave.

Latin bishops did not spare their confrères of the Greek rite humiliations and wranglings. Ruthenian clergy were regarded by Polish priests as schismatic, and they were commonly designated by the name of *popes*. Ruthenian priests were obliged to pay tithes to Latin bishops; Jews became the lease-holders of Ruthenian churches; higher education was forbidden to the children of Ruthenian priests; Ruthenian nobility adopted the Latin rite, the Polish language, Polish manners, and, so to speak, the Polish soul. Thus, the mass of the Ruthenian people were at once deprived of their natural leaders, both civil and ecclesiastical. It is not strange, therefore, that the true principle of Catholic unity had but a weak hold in the hearts of the great body of the Ruthenian people.

It would be sufficient to peruse the learned and authoritative volumes of Likovski and Malinovsky concerning the tragic fate of the Union of Brest, in order to comprehend the painful undoing of this union of churches, the failure of which had been predicted by Catholic leaders at the very outset.

This spirit of antagonism between the Ruthenian and Polish clergy, separated from each other only by different rites, and not by doctrine, gradually severed from the Catholic Church a large number of Uniat Ruthenians, especially among those who aimed at a national resurrection and a literary revival of their own race. By a natural blending, the political hatred embittering Ruthenians against Poles in Galicia became closely connected with a deeply-rooted sentiment of distrust with regard to the Catholic Church. The conviction grew stronger among Ruthenian leaders that the Union of Brest was to be regarded as a political stratagem of Polish diplomacy, aiming at the enslavement of the Ruthenian people by the aristocracy of Poland.

This state of mind has been in recent times of profit to Russia, who has never ceased to long for the possession of Galicia—a gem stolen from her crown. A Russian propaganda in this province was full of dangers for its agents, because Austrian policy was ever watchful of any attempt toward a separatist movement on the part of the Ruthenians subject to Austrian rule. Therefore, Russian diplomacy called to its aid the Russian clergy, and sought to give to its political claims a religious complexion. It began to subsidize newspapers, which, under the mask of patriotism, continually reminded the Ruthenians that the glory of their past lay in the Orthodox Church. The *Prikarpatskaia Rus*, one of these newspapers, was, in the fullest sense of the word, a militant Orthodox organ, dipping its pen into gall whenever there was question in its columns of the Ruthenian Uniat Church. Likewise, the *Galicianin*, a paper widely circulated in Galicia, written in Russian, delivered the fiercest attacks against the Ruthenian Uniat clergy. Through the course of several years, the above-named papers nursed a large part of the Ruthenian youth of Galicia in sentiments either of hatred toward Austrian rulers and Polish hegemony, or of distrust of the Uniat Church and the Uniat clergy.

It must also be stated that in the ranks of the Uniat clergy of Galicia, Russian diplomacy did find, on several occasions, the ablest agents of its pan-Slavistic dreams. The Uniat Church in Galicia comprises the archbishopric and metropole of Lemberg (Lvov Leopoldis), with a population of 1,456,209; and the dioceses of Przemyśl (1,126,113), and Stanislau (925,943). The whole Ruthenian Church numbers 1,873 parishes and 3,000 priests.

But, unfortunately, the Ruthenian Uniat clergy is lacking in cohesion, in common aspirations, in what is called *esprit de corps*. It has been inoculated with the germ of political ambition. It is divided into two very distinct parties, which are called, respectively, the party of Moscalophiles and the party of Ukrainophiles. The first party is made up of those priests who firmly believe that either ethnographically or philologically their own nation does not differ a whit from the Russian people, and that the Ruthenian dialect will never attain the dignity of a literary language. They write papers and books in the Russian language; they yield politically to the Great Mother, to Russia; they aspire to sweep the Poles from the country of their forefathers. They disparage Latin culture as a pernicious element frittering away the vigorous unity of their race; it is their ambition to be Slavs, because Slavism is the great

force of the coming age, the soul of a new world to be settled in Europe upon the scattered ruins of the dying Latin races. From this it by no means follows that the Moscalophile Uniat clergy has severed the bond of union with the Catholic Church. The majority know very well that in the past, however keen-sighted and well-informed the Popes were as to the pitiable state of the Ruthenian Church in Galicia, they could not interfere with the political ambitions of the Polish kings. They are conscious also of the many favors granted at different times by the Holy See to the Ruthenian people. But whatever may be the sentiments of gratitude and loyalty of the greater number of these Ruthenian Uniat priests toward Rome, it remains true that they are working in the furrow delved by Russian diplomacy; that a certain number of these priests have turned their backs upon Catholicism and become Orthodox; that some of them, in our own day, are fostering a movement which, unfortunately, may sweep Ruthenians out of the Catholic fold.

Ukrainophile Ruthenian priests do not favor the prospect of an onward march of Russian autocracy into Austrian Galicia. They gave and are still giving their best energies to awaken in Ruthenian hearts the consciousness of their Ruthenian origin; they labor to preserve the Ruthenian dialect and Ruthenian culture, and dream of a political revival for their country that would gather all Ruthenians under the same flag.

Ukrainophile priests are well disposed towards Austria, to whom they are indebted for the progress made in Galicia, rather than to Russia, whose policy of absorption would check the nationalist movement among Ruthenians, and level all the ethnical differences of a race to which it refuses the right of an autonomous existence. But, according to Polish opinion, it will be impossible to erect a barrier that will stand against the onward sweep of Orthodoxy into Galicia, and the ultimate annexation of the tottering Ruthenian Church.

As a matter of fact, the Ukrainophiles have imbibed the old antipathy of Ruthenian nationalists towards the Latin Church, upon which they throw the responsibility for the heavy calamities endured by their people through the course of three centuries. Some Polish priests, as Mohl and Borowicz, in a series of widely-circulated pamphlets, declared three years ago that Galicia is the crater of a latent schism, which would burst out at the first signal from Russia. We do not echo such forebodings; but it is nevertheless my convic-

tion that he errs grievously who does not anticipate evil in the day when Galicia hangs out Russian banners.

To what have the twelve million Ruthenian Uniats been reduced, who since the dismemberment of Poland have been bleeding under the Russian yoke? Alas! every means has been employed by the Russian leaders to turn them to the Orthodox faith. By wiles, by violence, by imprisonment, by death, Catherine II., Nicholas I., and Alexander III. succeeded in giving the Ruthenian Church the finishing stroke. The same methods, no doubt, will be applied to the last fragments of the Ruthenian Uniat Church.

Russian diplomacy, as is well known, proceeds cautiously, slowly, in its Russification policy. It does not favor the rapid success, the sudden conquest, that has no stable foundation. Rather by the force of inertia it reaches its goal. And no doubt such a policy impressed, as it were, on the hearts of Russian rulers, will slowly transmute Eastern Galicia into an Orthodox state.

The Polish-looking capital of this province, the beautiful and industrious city of Lemberg, is already a Russian town. Polish civil authorities who ruled Lemberg at the time of its occupation by the Russian army, heard from the lips of Count Bobrinski, appointed by the Tsar as the Governor of Galicia, that the conquered city was foredoomed to adopt the Russian language, Russian customs, Russian ideals, in a word, to be animated with a Russian soul.

One of the first acts of the Russian conquerors in Galicia was the banishment of the venerable head of the Ruthenian Uniat Church, Count Andrew Sceptycki, the Metropolitan of Lemberg. It is currently reported that Count Sceptycki has been interned in Siberia. I have the honor of being an old and personal friend of the venerable prelate, the most eager and convinced apostle of the union of churches at the present time; a Mæcenas of the new Ruthenian culture; a leader of both the religious and literary awakening of his flock; a priest devoted until death to the Catholic Church. Thus, the Uniat Church in Galicia has been widowed of its pastor in the most trying period of its history. More than once, in the columns of the *Cerkovnyia Viedomosti*, the official organ of the Holy Governing Synod, we have read violent diatribes against Count Sceptycki, whom Russians hate cordially as a man who has contributed greatly to the strengthening of the Ukrainophile party, and the consequent disruption of the ethnical compactness of the Russian body.

But Russian conquerors of Galicia have not confined themselves

to tearing Count Sceptycki from his flock. The imposing dwelling of the Ruthenian metropolitans, which towers over the city of Lemberg, has become the residence of an Orthodox bishop. All the literary and artistic treasures accumulated in this magnificent palace by the venerable prelate, the precious documents stored in its archives, have been seized. Thus a large part of the historical life of the Ruthenian Uniat Church has fallen into Russian hands. The new ecclesiastical ruler of the Cathedral of St. George (the cathedral church of the Ruthenian Uniat metropolitans) will very soon claim for himself the supreme direction of the Ruthenian Uniat Church. And, perhaps, a great many Ruthenians, who have lost touch with the Roman spirit and heartily hate the Poles, will lend the Russian government a helping hand.

I know by experience, having lived some months in Galicia, that there is, of a certainty, a Ruthenian Uniat Church, but there is not a very strong Roman spirit implanted in Ruthenian hearts. To explain this unhappy fact it must be remembered that the historical literature of the Uniat Church is replete with data and recollections of a nature to alienate Ruthenians from the Latin Church, rather than to bind them to it. Both Moscalophiles and Ukrainophiles look upon the Latin Church as an ancient foe, and no doubt this feeling of distrust and disaffection will be turned to profit by Russian pioneers of the Orthodox Church in Galicia. So also, political war in Galicia will be followed by religious war, and Russian conquests will spread out simultaneously in the religious field. Thus a nation of four million Catholics is in imminent danger of being forced out of the Catholic fold, to fill the ranks of Russian Orthodoxy.

Should our dire forebodings be realized, Russia will erect new barriers to the expansion of Catholicism. And it must be admitted that the onrush of Russian Orthodoxy into the heart of Europe will bring ruin to other than the Ruthenian Church. The most cultivated of the Slavic race, the Bohemians, will find themselves in close touch with Russian Orthodoxy; and it is unnecessary to remind ourselves that many of the Bohemians are tainted by anti-clericalism.

As Ruthenians hate Poles, so Bohemians hate Germans, and from this hatred springs the sympathy of Bohemian leaders for the politics of pan-Slavism. I dare not say that Russian influence in Bohemia will be able to undermine the Catholic ground. But, on the other hand, it remains true that during the latter half of the

nineteenth century, Bohemian settlements in Russia, numbering more than fifty thousand souls, turned over to Orthodoxy. We are far from thinking that Bohemia will lose her traditional faith, inherited from long lines of ancestors; but it would not be a paradoxical saying to assert that the outgrowth of Russian influence in Galicia will ultimately result in a slackening of the bonds which unite this nation to the Holy See.

From what we have hitherto set forth, it by no means follows that the new positions held by Orthodoxy on Russian frontiers have inflicted a mortal wound upon the Catholic Church in those regions. Certainly the clouds of war are gathering on the horizon. But perhaps heavier perils are to be faced on the southern frontiers, where Servia, Greece, and Roumania are on the verge of a political renaissance.

Of these dangers we may speak at another time. However sad may be our fears, Catholic souls devoted to their Church ought not to be disquieted. As we learn from history, when the wild waves of social cataclysms are about to overwhelm the Bark of Peter, the Divine Lord comes, saying: "O ye of little faith." He commands the winds and the sea, and then comes a great calm.

"CALIFORNIA THE WONDERFUL."

BY THOMAS WALSH.



UNDER the expressive title of *California the Wonderful*, Mr. Edwin Markham has produced a new book, which is of special interest to all who have at heart the history, romance, and inspiration of "The Land of the Padres." From the dawn of history these far worlds of the Pacific seem to have evoked the spirit of rhapsody; their very name was first spoken by Garcia de Montalvo in 1510 in *The Deeds of the Most Valiant Knight Esplanadian, the Son of Amadis the Gaul*, where California is "a wonderful island on the right hand of the Indies, an island rich in pearls and gold, and very close to the terrestrial paradise," so that to-day it seems highly appropriate that the greatest of our American poets should celebrate the year of the Panama Exposition with an historical, descriptive prose-poem worthy of so romantic a land and so great an event.

We are fortunate in finding eloquent interpreters of our pioneer days. Mr. Markham, among his other distinctions, is the supreme master of epithet in American letters; in his *California the Wonderful* he touches names and places with a phrase or word that will abide with them as long as there is love of land and home. He touches nothing that he does not leave more beautiful. Speaking of the Valley of the Sacramento, he gives us this characteristic tableau: "In the beginning it was only a scented, irised, lark-loud garden of bees and flowers for the Indian, and the bear, and the bee. . . . now it is changed into the pleasant places of orchard and vineyard and home. Flaming Tokays and purple Malagas have pushed away the wild fox-grapes, and walnuts and almonds have displaced the acorn crops of the live-oaks. . . . Berries may be picked nearly all the year; melons thrive as under Syrian skies."

Of the San Joaquin Valley he speaks thus with evident emotion: "This is the bounteous Nile Valley of California. The sky-hung Sierran wall on the east feeds it from its everlasting snows." Again and again we have touches of this descriptive rhapsody: "To get the eagle's vision of these slopes and vales, climb Mount Diablo or Mount Tamalpais near the centre of the State. Tamal-

pais, stained with 'the dusty purple of the grape,' bounds up from the ocean level and looks down on San Francisco. Sonoma, Napa, Ukiah, these and many another lovely name fall on the ear like the splash of water in the silver stream. Here in Sonoma, the curved 'valley of the moon,' was begun the last of the Spanish Missions. In Napa rises the noble St. Helena, made dear by its inviolable loveliness and by the memory of Stevenson's *Starlit Night*." Mr. Markham's large volume is jeweled and illuminated with a store of such picturings and suggestions.

When we come to his chapter on "California in the Abyss of the Ancient Ages," it is interesting to find him discarding the evolutionary theory regarding the origin of the Indian tribes. The traditions of the Golden and Silver Ages are strong upon him, and he repeats the legends of the Toltec and Aztec with a charm they have never had before. While these poets' ethnological theories may still be classed among the interesting plausibilities of our early history, when Mr. Markman comes to deal with Indian life of the historical periods, especially with the personal observations of his own early life in California, we find material, the value of which can hardly be over-estimated.

Some of us, acknowledging a special interest in "The Romance of the Old Missions," may be over-ready to feel some slackening of the rhapsodical note. Mr. Markman's tribute to the Friars is frank and sincere. He shows clearly that they were the real colonizers and pioneers of the Coast; he spares no word in his appreciation of Las Casas as the "Apostle of the Indians," who fought the mammon-mad slavers, and is "one of the noblest souls of all time." Mr. Markham is also generous in his treatment of Fray Junípero Serra. When, however, he quotes the verses of the present writer:

You lashed your shoulders, and to blazing torches
Laid bare your breast to make "the brutes" believe, etc.,

as a text upon which to hang his own peculiar views on hell and religion and law, he seems to miss not only the writer's intent, but the very purpose of Fray Junípero, which was far from desiring to give his Indian congregations any exhibition of infernal torments, but was with clear intent to show, when reasoning could not reach them, that he himself was honest and believed, and bore witness to what he taught them. "He had love in his heart," says Mr. Markham, "love the great miracle, love that finds in brotherly

service the root meaning of all creeds." How could there have been any narrowness or intellectual bondage in this rare old philosopher and professor of the University of La Palma, whose noble correspondence has been preserved for us. In the words of our brilliant young poet George Stirling:

Flaming audacious heart so long in dust,
Who in an age of infamy and gold
Saw souls alone.

The lesson of the Missions abides; they stretch down the length of California like lovely rivets in the burial casket of the Spanish friars; their names are a musical litany through her guide-books and time-tables. Far back in 1902 the gracious Charles Warren Stoddard recounted their story in broken half-whimsical metres that Mr. Markham has overlooked:

In the far south the sunny San Diego,
Carmelo, San Antonio, each their way go—
Dust unto dust, so crumbles the *adobé*.
Within one year sprang up San Luis Obispo,
With San Antonio, and San Gabriel;
After five years of struggle, San Francisco,
And San Juan Capistrano—it is well
To pause a little now and then, if so be
Thou gainest strength: good works rush not pell-mell.
Santa Clara and San Buenaventura,
Santa Barbara and Purísima
And darling Santa Cruz—santisima!—
Next Soledad, and then a pause *secura*.
Six years to gather strength, when San José
And San Miguel and shortly San Fernando
Were born within a twelvemonth; what can man do
Better than this? And the San Luis Rey
Closed a long period of years eleven—
Friars and neophytes were going to heaven
At such a rate!—but the good work progressed;
San Juan Bautista closed a century blest.
Santa Inéz and fair San Rafael
Lead to the final effort in Solano;—
'Twas thus the Missions rose and thus they fell—
Perchance a solitary boy-soprano,
Last of his race, was left the tale to tell.

Ring, gentle Angelus! ring in my dream,
But wake me not, for I would rather seem
To live the life they lived who've slumbered long
Beneath their fallen altars, than to waken
And find their sanctuaries forsaken;
God grant their memory may survive in song!

None that reads Mr. Markham's lordly presentation of his California, its beauty of form and climate, its romantic story, its mountains, valleys, plains, and cities with their varied pioneer populations, will fail to accord the gift of prophecy to Mr. Edgar Saltus when he declares: "The new Renaissance will come, and come probably here in this Italy of the Occident, which, profuse in all things else, might just as well be prolific in genius, and which, too, by reason of its freedom from cant and prejudice, is the only fit nursery for these exceptional beings, whose filiation is as enigmatic as the stars and who, like them, charm the world." Mr. Markham gives, in his own person, as well as in the masterly summary of his book, a striking picture of the genius of California that is already to the fore. The greatest living singer of the Coast, Miss Ina Coolbirth, declares: there are

Upon her brows the leaves of olive boughs,
And in her arms a dove;
And the great hills are pure, undesecrate,
White with their snows untrod,
And mighty with the presence of their God!

And yet it may be questioned whether the most luscious and fragrant regions of the world have generally been blessed with the finest productivity of genius; art, and poetry in particular, seems to die of inanition amid the loveliness of Naples and Andalusia, of Sicily and Portugal. These seem to be regions of the eye and heart; it is to the regions of the soul that we look for the purest manifestations of life and art. The effect of climate upon the California poets already is noticeable; indeed, her greatest masters seem to prove their need and desire for the discipline of bleaker shores and higher peaks of age and tradition, and wisely fare throughout the world to seek it. The cosmopolitanism of California is the basis of her splendid achievement in the arts, as it seems to the many who love and greatly admire her.

WHITE EAGLE.

BY L. P. DECONDUN.

III.

CHELSEA, Tuesday, February, 1913.



O you know, my dearest, that I woke up in the middle of last night with a feeling of terror which I could not analyze? I had been dreaming about you, and about the last note you sent me before your boat started. How I had been longing for it, and yet how its arrival had cut me, as with a knife!

Well, in my sleep, I was reading it over again, and I was still torn between gladness and sorrow, when I thought a loud voice called me. Abruptly I sat up, wide awake, one burning thought shooting across my brain: "Were you in danger?" My heart was beating like a sledge hammer! If it was so, what could be done? Nothing but prayer could avail, I knew—and oh, Rex, how I *did* pray! What must this nameless terror be, if it comes suddenly to anyone who neither knows God nor believes in Him? It must be maddening; because to call it imagination, whether it is or not, is of no earthly use. I tried it myself, it does not help; while prayer, however incoherent, links one swiftly to Infinite Power. It was an hour and a half though before I could sleep again.

This morning I felt better, but still anxious enough to long to mention the case to somebody. It was foolish perhaps; however Madame Dubois had come up for some orders, and there and then she had to become my *confidante*. She listened very seriously to my tale, but when I added that it came probably from over-fatigue or indigestion she shook her head with scorn.

"Of course," she remarked, "madame may be right; it may come from bad digestion or fatigue, but in my opinion there's One Who allows that fatigue to put us in such a state. And if I were asked I would say that if Providence allowed me to be warned, it would be in order that I should help myself precisely as madame did." And she nodded emphatically.

I had felt beforehand, I admit, that her point of view on these matters would coincide with mine; nevertheless, her answer was a comfort. Would you have believed that I could be so childish? And this is not all. As soon as I went downstairs I could not refrain from telephoning and making sure that no bad news had been heard in

London about your ship; then I felt so relieved and thankful that for a few minutes I ceased to be conscious of the silent misery of your absence. Oh! how I called down blessings on Marconi!

But now that this weight of fear is removed from me, I am coming back to Max's difficulties. My last letters to you have been so much taken up with other subjects, that I almost forget how much I told you in them. I only know that I gave you further details about the Polish girl whom Mrs. Marchmont produced, as if by magic, at her last musical evening. That night, before leaving, I had wished to speak to Millicent, but she had then so many other irons in the fire that it was useless to expect a coherent explanation from her about anything in particular.

It was only the next day, before luncheon, that she rang me up on the telephone to inquire about my opinion on the success of her *tour de force*. Had not her Polish friend turned out to be a trump card? I told her that perhaps it was the case, but that I had only a vague notion of what she had done, and of what she intended to do.

"Why!" she called out (and her voice rang at the other end of the line), "have you not heard that I sent my invitation to Mrs. Camberwell in a private note, telling her that I had discovered a capital *parti* for Max, an heiress, very good-looking, with splendid connections, etc., etc., adding that, from what I could judge, Max seemed undoubtedly attracted by her?"

"I cannot imagine that this would specially impress Mrs. Camberwell. She knows her son too well."

"That is what you fancy!" exclaimed Millicent (her voice sounded triumphant); "but this is where you are wrong. You are overrating Mrs. Camberwell's cleverness. Why! she came, and saw at once that, sweet as she is, Joan could not hold her own very long against a girl like Maryña."

"She would with Max, though."

"Nonsense, my dear. Mrs. Camberwell understands men better than you do. She recognized in a few minutes that if Joan were eclipsed by Miss Lowinska, matters would only go from bad to worse, so far as her influence on Max is concerned. She might retain some hold on him in spite of Joan, but she would not have the ghost of a chance with Maryña. Do you follow me?"

"I do; still I refuse to believe that she accepted your invitation from any other motive than because it suited her."

"Absurd! She came to inspect my Polish beauty at close quarters, and judge whether she was a danger or not. Certainly she realized that I had not exaggerated the girl's attraction, and she will reflect about it."

"At least, that is what you suppose."

"What did you say?"

"I said—"

"Don't speak too loud, it makes the wire vibrate so."

"I—said—that—you *supposed* you had frightened Mrs. Camberwell by placing such a perfection of a girl in Max's way."

"That is precisely what I did."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Certain. Besides, the instant she set eyes on Maryña she made up her mind to stand by Joan. A blind man would have seen that. And after the opportunity I gave her of observing Max and Miss Lowinska talking together rather earnestly, I guessed she would soon work on different lines."

"Did you bring Joan to her?"

"Not at all; only near enough to be found if wanted."

"But what will you do next?"

"Keep it up until Max and Joan are married. It is simplicity itself. It will come off by Easter."

"I hope so."

"Nemo, you are ridiculous."

"But what about your Polish friend, supposing she fell in love with Max?" I heard Millicent's amused laugh.

"You need not trouble about that; my Polish friend is proof against even better men than Max. So now good-bye."

"Good-bye."

There was a click afar off, and I replaced the receiver.

Of course Millicent might be right after all. This tangle, as she said, might be far simpler than we thought. Besides, harum-scarum brains like the Marchmonts' occasionally hit the right nail on the head. Time would show. And I was leisurely closing the door of your study when the telephone began to ring again. This time it was Max. Should I be at home after three that afternoon?

"No, I should not."

"Was I dining at home?"

"Yes, I was;" he could come and dine with me if he liked. He was sorry he could not; but might he call afterwards; say at nine o'clock. I told him he could. Then he asked if I should be alone, and I told him that Nancy would be here. That, however, he did not mind in the least. So the arrangement was made.

Nancy and I dined together, but so long as the servants were in the room we could only speak on indifferent topics, and no sooner had the coffee been brought into the library where we had elected to sit, than a prolonged ring at the door told us of Max's arrival. Then we heard him running up several steps at a time, and there he was, big and radiant and excited. So much so indeed that, when he came straight to me, his hand extended, I put mine behind my back.

"One moment, my dear boy," I said, "I have no objection to

shake hands with you, but first I want to make sure that you remember it is my hand which you will grasp, not the handle of a sword with which to exterminate your enemies."

He smiled, his contagious, boyish smile.

"Nemo, this is too bad. Did I ever hurt you before?"

"Yes," I answered teasingly, "when I had rings on."

"I am sorry. What if I promise to take your hand as gently as if it was that of—"

"Oh! in that case," said I, wickedly cutting his sentence, "I have nothing to fear; here it is." And both Nancy and I laughed.

("What do you think, but the dear, simple fellow actually blushed.")

"You know," he said looking at us, half-provoked, half-amused, "I did not intend to say that at all."

"It remains to ascertain what you mean by 'that,'" remarked Nancy with affected seriousness.

"Oh, very well!" he answered with a grin. "Have it your own way. I am no good at arguing with women as I know to my cost—so there!" He turned and drew a chair near us.

"Now," he asked, "shall I tell you everything?"

"One moment," I interposed; "let us dispose of the coffee so as to have no interruption."

There was a silent assent, but never was coffee dispatched so rapidly; and the eagerness with which Max seized our cups to replace them on the tray would have made a careful housekeeper tremble for her china. After this we settled cosily near the fire. True, for a short minute my eyes wandered around the dear room where you and I have spent so many lazy, happy evenings, but I only stifled a sigh and prepared myself to listen. Nancy was almost more impatient to hear Max than he was himself to speak, and she began to question him. I wish you had seen the light coming in the dear fellow's eyes; then he cleared his throat.

"Well," he began, "you both know my mother well enough not to be astonished at most things; but she never opened her lips about Joan or any one else until I met her to-day, by pure chance, in the conservatory, before luncheon. We had come home together last night, we had breakfasted together this morning, I had dawdled purposely over the papers before going out; but I might as well have expected our old Persian cat to refer to the subject in our minds. I was so disgusted that it was a series of circumstances rather than my will which brought me back to luncheon. However, whether the Mater was expecting me or not, I can't say; only she received me in quite a cheerful manner, made me fill her watering can once or twice, finished a few odd little jobs, and then calmly sat down in her basket-chair. Mind you, when she did that and looked at me, I felt stupidly uncomfortable. I almost

wished I had not come back. 'Well! my dear Max,' she began without the least preamble, 'let us talk business; we have still ten minutes before us. I take it for granted that you have definitely made up your mind to marry. Is that so?'

"Now," went on poor Max, looking from Nancy to me, "you could have knocked me down with the famous 'feather' which is credited to do that sort of business. It was such an extraordinary way for her to begin, considering what has passed between us for the last sixteen months, that it made me feel like an idiot. Naturally, I answered that it was time, or something to that effect, and she nodded with a smile of approval, asking point blank whether my mind was also made up about my choice of a wife. It was just like a comedy; I felt more and more at a disadvantage. You can see that?"

"I can," said Nancy firmly. "No one better."

"Besides I guessed that there was a trap somewhere. If I hinted so soon that I hoped to marry Miss Lowinska, she would have thought our tactics too clumsy to deserve notice; and if I confessed that I still wanted Joan, the rest was useless. I had to avoid committing myself. Well! I decided to tell her that Joan had lately been talked to by her people, about the foolishness of waiting for a man who could not make up his own mind. I added that even if I took a final step and proposed to her now, it was possible that I might get a refusal. I stopped, but she only waited with that expectant expression of hers which almost forces people to say more than they intended and give themselves away; however this time I was on my guard. Nothing would have induced me to play the 'Lowinska card' at that moment, though you could have cut the silence with a hatchet. At the end she spoke: 'If this is so,' she said, 'you had better see Joan and terminate this business as soon as possible.' I could have jumped for joy, but I kept stern as a judge. 'Very well!' I began, 'if you wish it.' She rose slowly and smiled with that desperately gracious irony that makes people foolish instead of savage. 'My dear boy,' she observed, 'I (with strong emphasis) never objected in principle to your marriage with Joan. If I have hesitated to countenance it before this, it is because I feared, rightly or wrongly (the irony deepened terribly here), that you might at a later period find *somebody* (the word stood carved out) even more congenial to you than she. Since there is no danger of this, why you may please yourself as soon as you wish. Joan is a dear child.' And she walked straight to the dining-room where luncheon was ready. Now, what do you say to that?"

Nancy clapped her hands: "I say well done, Mrs. Camberwell; that is the proper way to cover one's retreat, if—" She hesitated.

"If what?" I asked.

"If it is a retreat at all." We three looked at each other.

"Oh! Nancy," I exclaimed after a second of reflection; "this is

really foolish. To listen to your perpetual suspicions would make anyone believe we were dealing not with a woman of the twentieth century, but with an arch-Machiavelli."

"We are," snapped Nancy.

"Ridiculous."

"Not in the least; Mrs. Camberwell is the cleverest woman I know; cool, proud and dignified by race and upbringing; and underneath all that as jealous as any French mother, which, my dears, beats the jealousy of an Italian wife hollow."

"Oh! I say, Nancy!" (from Max).

"I don't exaggerate in the least. If your mother was French, and believed you had fallen in love, you might have to put up with scenes and tears and recriminations for a variable period, according to her temperament; then she would tire of it and give in by degrees. Here it won't be that. Since your father's death you have become the pivot of her life, and she won't give you up to anyone any more than she can help. Up to this she has used common-sense advice, made odd or cutting remarks, and, without moving perceptibly, she has paralyzed your actions. She has kept Joan at arm's length as effectively with gracious words as with vague coolness, and made the girl thoroughly unhappy until last night, when—"

"That's it," interrupted Max, "now that she is afraid of something worse, she is giving in."

"She is not; she is only changing her tactics."

"Oh! Nancy," I said, "I am losing patience with you. She knows very well that Max must marry some day."

"That's not her point; she won't object to his marrying. What she will refuse to do is to give up the first place in his life and affections."

"But," interposed Max, "that is precisely what she will come to lose, if she makes my existence unbearable."

"I am not so sure; it remains to be seen."

Silence fell for a few moments. We felt uncertain and worried. Then Max spoke again.

"At any rate," he began, "she is now willing that I should marry Joan. Nobody can deny that."

I looked up from the fire which Nancy had been poking absently. Her intelligent, thoughtful face, calm and grave at that moment, impressed me more than I cared to admit. She was so convinced of what she said. She lifted her eyes slowly.

"Well! my good friends," she said, "all I wish is that you may be right and I wrong; only I cannot believe that Mrs. Camberwell has given up to-day what she prized yesterday, any more than I credit the possibility of her walking with her eyes shut into such a visible net as that spread before her by Millicent. I fear she is far too keen-

sighted for that. If she is caught in it, it will be with her good will, and therefore it will fit into her plans, not ours."

Do you know, Rex, when I heard Nancy speak like that, it brought so vividly before me the pathetic face of poor Joan that I could find no word against these arguments. Yet I was aware of the impression of discouragement and doubt falling on Max; he had come to us so hopeful, poor fellow. Happily Nancy began to see this as well.

"Listen, good people," she observed after a moment; "I told you all this because there is never any use in blindly keeping one's head under one's wing like an ostrich. Forewarned is forearmed, but it need not necessarily give us the blues. We have good cards still, and we must make the most of them. Once Max and Joan are married they ought to be able to steer quietly their barge in the right direction."

That was evident enough, and Max's face cleared up a little.

"Yes," he said, "we will do anything in our power. Joan is so patient and wise; and she could be fond of mother too. They used to be good friends years ago, and on the whole the Mater is a favorite with lots of people. I don't know what there is about her, but when she wishes it—" He shook his head and we all laughed.

"And again," went on Max, "Joan has consented to live in the old home. All these things ought to smooth matters, don't you think?"

I had an idea that Nancy had frowned imperceptibly when hearing this statement, but she nodded in answer. Then the door opened and the maid brought in the last post.

My darling, do you think I can write down anything which could make you understand what your "foolishness" went through at that moment? The silver salver was handed to her, and before she had made a movement to take anything on it, her eyes had fastened on a large square envelope, peeping from under the others. She could see very little of the writing on it but, for all that, she knew, she thoroughly knew! How did you succeed in getting this sent off? The stamps were too blurred to let me ascertain where it had been posted; all I realized was the big flood of joy rising in my heart. But I could neither have opened your letter nor looked at it before any other eyes. Instinctively, I covered it with several others, took the whole bundle and placed it on the little table behind me. I did it slowly, deliberately, my teeth almost clenched to steady the trembling of my hand. My face was so cold that I conjectured I looked ghastly and I kept it in the shadow.

"Well!" said I, a second later, as if to resume our discussion.

"Don't you wish to open your letters?" suggested Nancy.

"No, thank you; they can wait."

By a strong effort I picked up the broken thread of our conversation; but it was to little purpose. I spoke at random or fell into silences. I merely caught disconnected remarks from the two others,

and never did time drag so hopelessly. At last, they went. It was only when I stood to shake hands with them that my face became visible. Nancy noticed it at once.

"Is there anything the matter, dear?" she asked, ever kind and affectionate; "you look so white!"

I laughed. "Nothing," said I; "I have never felt better."

"You are tired anyhow; don't sit up late."

But I promised nothing. As soon as I heard the door closing behind them downstairs, I was back again at the fire, your beloved epistle in my hands. I knelt and thanked God as one can do only at such times. Then, my heart hammering in my throat, I tore open the envelope, and a mist prevented me from seeing any more than the blue stamp of the note paper: a life belt with a twisted rope and a flag! I do not know how long I stayed there reading over and over the same loving sentences, my heart so full that tears would have been the greatest relief—but I can so seldom cry, my own Rex!

Besides, pain was so much mingled with this great joy that I knew it would take days before I could look at this bold writing of yours without a knife cutting through me. I wished I could have fallen asleep there and then, until pain and joy would have died down, and let me take back the uniform steady life which I am little by little making for myself. That I can bear, but it will take me time to bring myself to receive your beloved missives calmly. At this very instant I could not tell whether I long for or dread most, the coming of the next one.

Oh! Rex, I wonder if I can possibly be as dear to you as you are to me! I almost pity you if I am.

IV.

Tuesday, March, 1913.

Before beginning my epistle, my darling, I want to mention that I received a note from John Brown about the Villa. He tells me that something should be done at once to the roof of the veranda, and that he does not like to take the responsibility of it without the master's orders. Unfortunately, the "master" is too far away to see to this, and John will have to be satisfied with the mistress' directions. If the weather allows it, I will go to C. next week; besides Devonshire will not be very cold now I hope. After this, not another word about business, because business has an odious way of pointing out that the "Rex" of my little kingdom has been exiled; and I am not a pin-point nearer to being reconciled to it.

Let me rather tell you that on Saturday last I had my first opportunity of speaking with Miss Lowinska. The two Stevenson girls had come to take me to a private view of water colors, and we met

there with an elderly lady in black, evidently a chaperon. She seemed to know several artists and among them Willie R., our friend. Do you remember his new studio in that quaint little street off the King's Road, with the old-fashioned gardens and trees? He wanted me to go and see the latest improvements he had made in it, but I refused to fix a day. Then he begged of me to come with the Stevensons to a little informal supper which he wished to give there next week; that also I declined. So nothing remained to him but to abuse me soundly in that good-humored way of his; and when he was out of breath we began to chat sensibly. He is such a nice, clever fellow. I cannot say that we spoke much about art; we went fairly quickly through what was worth looking at; then our conversation drifted by different channels to the same object: our "interest" (though not in the same degree or for the same reason) in Miss Lowinska. It did not take me long to see how things stood with Willie, and I was sorry for him, dear fellow. I cannot see that he has a particle of a chance in that direction. The girl, simple as she is, seems as high as a star above the rest of us. So far as she is concerned, however, she is all I fancied; even more so, if possible, as there is something essentially pure and open on her smooth brow. Intellectually, she stands her own, and without effort, with the cleverest; morally she shows a tendency to truthfulness and candor which is a little startling. Her manners are dignified; and she has a talent for exercising "authority" which takes the breath away from most people. To sum up, she is captivating; a perfect woman and yet a child (though she is twenty-four). Add to this, that, like a Russian bred woman, she speaks several languages with the utmost fluency, and you will have before you, as well as I can paint her, "Maryña Lowinska."

Small wonder that Joan is not inclined to welcome her to our circle. And yet, I am not so sure that Joan has not more of a certain winning charm even with men. Miss Lowinska looks to me better fitted for a solitary pedestal than for everyday life. I can't imagine her as a practical, effective wife; and, least of all, for dear Willie. Yet, when we reached one of the furthest rooms of the exhibition, where we found ourselves all but alone, he turned his back on the pictures and faced me.

"Look here, Mrs. Camberwell," he said point blank, "you need not pretend to be interested in these landscapes because you are not; your mind is not here. Much more likely it is at the other side of the world this minute, and, though I am very rude to remark it, I admire you for it. But listen, will you render me a service?"

I smiled. Can anyone be angry at Willie's bluntness?

"If I am able, with pleasure."

"Then come and play hostess this afternoon in my studio. I want to ask the Stevenson girls and—and Miss Lowinska to have

tea there. You have refused me before when I was unable to explain, but perhaps you will do it now?"

"I see. Why! certainly."

"Very well. That is kind, you know, because I understand perfectly that this sort of fun is not in your line for the present."

"This is nonsense."

"I am afraid not; but I don't want to be rude again and contradict you flatly. You don't mind my plain speaking do you?"

I had to laugh this time; but isn't that like Willie?

It did not take long to arrange the party; the Stevensons are always ready to enjoy anything of that kind, and Miss Lowinska assented at once.

You would scarcely have recognized Willie's studio. Some of his latest purchases are particularly fine; he has bought some hangings of old damask and some rugs which you would long to steal from him; and as for some bits of "Bernard Palissy" that he has picked up on a lucky day, they are beauties! The only thing out of place there was a cumbersome piano which he is keeping for a friend; but, Rex dear, when, after a very merry tea, he persuaded Miss Lowinska to sit before it, you would have pronounced it the best of ornaments. It is not that the girl played anything so much out of the common (Willie's extraordinary taste in music and his odd collection of pieces gave her a limited choice), but what she played was like the breathing of a soul through notes gliding under her fingers. Meyerbeer's "Dance of the Shadows," the "Adieux" of Beethoven, the "Sehnsucht" of Queckenberg, a few things of Tchaikowsky and Burow might have been entirely new to me. Willie sat spellbound, his eyebrows twitching in an odd way as if they objected to the proximity of his *pince-nez*; two of the other artists who had joined us were leaning against the make-believe mantelpiece, forgetting that the heating apparatus was precisely at the other end of the room; yet, when the girl stood up, there was no sign of consciousness about her. As for Pattie Stevenson, she turned round to her sister and to me with an expression implying a good deal.

So that, with all this before me, Joan's fears on one side, and Nancy's forebodings on the other, I began to feel more grateful that Max's engagement was now public property, and that the marriage was to come off the first fortnight after Easter. Yet, I did like this Polish girl. Once her great blue eyes look at you, you feel that she has always been your friend, that you have known her from her babyhood, and that she has a right to count on you for almost everything. And if you saw how quickly Pattie and Mab Stevenson have welcomed her into their intimate circle, you would admit that she must be one in a thousand. As it is, I have asked her and Mab for Thursday evening. I wonder if she loses in being better known.

Monday Morning, March, 1913.

You see, my dearest, I am writing from C. where I arrived last night, neither very cold nor very tired, but too lonely to dare to write to you. A precious letter, dated from Port Said, had been handed to me as I left home, and it was a ray of sunshine during the journey. I felt, as if some way, it had brought you nearer; and when I had read and re-read it, I found a crumb of comfort in keeping it in my hand while the long stretch of country flew before my eyes. Rex, I have grown astonishingly sentimental since you went. Are these two words long enough to express my disgust of it? But disgusted or not I cannot blind myself to the fact nor, perhaps, do I wish to. I remember my gentle sneers at others; I even remember laughing at you and teasing you about your "soft heart;" so, I daresay, it is only just that I should become a victim to the same weakness. But I must tell what conclusion it made me draw. Either the people who show themselves so much above this "failing" are too selfish or cold-hearted to yield to it; or—and I expect they are legion—they have sufficient strength of character or pride to hide it.

(Are you smiling and calling this woman's logic? Do you think I am bringing forward this argument to shelter myself behind it?)

I have been interrupted, and had to go and interview the masons. They think the repairs will take a week or ten days, as all through the winter the rain was coming in badly through several parts of the roof. Happily the weather is suitable now, and the workmen will begin at once. I mean to stay here until they have done; I shall not be sorry for the change, and I am glad to be alone for a little while.

When I had finished with the men, the sun was so bright that I strolled towards the garden. A few daffodils were peeping through the grass, and the wood was just veiled in a haze of the softest of green and yellowish-red. I found the garden gate locked, but Brown had seen me going in that direction, and was hurrying with the key. Dear old man! He asked me if there was good news of the "master," if he intended to be back for the summer—(which gave me a miserable little stab), also if the place where he had gone was very fine. I assured him that no place could be as nice as our own, at which he shook his head confidently as if this was as it should be. Then he was delighted to hear about Master Max's marriage coming off soon; and did I remember how little Miss Joan always cut off the best branches of his heliotrope trees in the greenhouses! Dear! dear! and to think of her, almost a married woman already!

Would I like to see my rose beds? He had had them nicely forked over, and well dressed with the "best of stuff," and a few loads of wood ashes after the burning of the weeds. Would I care to prune them myself? He had all my garden tools in thorough order in the seed room. And did I remember the fruit trees the master pruned last

year? Why they had not recovered yet. (Oh! Rex, if you had seen his wicked grin!) Well! well! the master was such a grand man in many ways that he could afford to be a bad gardener, but he was *that*: a *very* bad gardener. And he repeated it with a suppressed chuckle, full of affection, too, the dear fellow. Then he went for my basket and gloves and *secateur*, and a bundle of raffia to tie up the branches.

I don't know that I was in a special mood for gardening, but when he brought everything to my hand and looked so full of expectation, I felt unable to draw back, and began to touch up things here and there. And then, without noticing it, I became so absorbed cutting, bending, tying, that the little bell rang for my lunch before I had realized that I was at work at all. The sun was quite warm, it would soon become too trying to stay without a hat, so I gathered my things to go back to the house. But as I turned I caught sight, through the leafless wood, of the ruined wall above the quarry, and a whole scene flashed before me. I saw you, my darling, and a little group of our friends climbing the hill, under a burning July sun; and somebody suggesting the addition of long bracken to our hats to shade our faces. Then we passed over that wall, and one side of it crumbled so suddenly under my weight that it almost carried me down. It required all your quickness to catch me in time, and when I was on my feet again and able to see your face, you were ashamed of having been frightened. I remember so well the tone of your voice: "Hullo! little Unicorn, specimens of your kind are too rare now to risk breaking your neck; just look where you are going, will you!" Oh! my dearest, all along the garden path to-day I could hear this dear voice of yours, "Hello! little Unicorn!"

You see, this little corner of the world is so full of your presence! But the earliest fronds of bracken are still too short to transform me into a unicorn big or little.

Thursday Afternoon.

What do you think has taken up most of my time this morning, dear? You could never guess. I was helping to prepare the blue room for *your mother*, who is coming on Saturday. I had a letter from her last night, telling me that she was slightly tired and in need of a few days' rest, if I would have her here. I wired at once that I should expect her by the midday train, the day after to-morrow, but now that all is ready I can't help surmising whether anything has happened. Still I have received a long scribble from Nancy, telling me that everything is going on well, and that both Max and Joan are thoroughly happy. Also that Mrs. Marchmont has taken Miss Lowinska to Scotland for Easter. I trust they will get some fine weather there; as that "Hermitage" of Millicent's is (to my mind) a perfect abomination. The scenery may be beautiful, but the discomfort of the house makes you dream of slow purgatory.

Well, if poor Miss Lowinska does not know what it means to "rough it," she will learn there with a vengeance. Even the shape of the house is awkward; it seems calculated to give the greatest trouble to go from one room to another. As for the set of steps up to the veranda, it would spell "murder" at night under the slightest provocation. And do you remember how far the roof has been made to project? It may be for protection, as Millicent says, but it is the sort of protection that one would get in a wooden box. So far as light is concerned, by three o'clock on a summer afternoon the windows are useless; what it must be on a gloomy, stormy day in March I can't imagine. And this is precisely Nancy's opinion.

However, they are coming back directly after Easter. Millicent being convinced, justly or not, that she has been the *deus ex machina* of Max's marriage, intends to be at it and to enjoy her triumph.

By the way, Nancy tells me that Miss Lowinska, apart from her wealth, is quite a personage. Her father being the very Prince Wladek Lowinski, so mixed up with the latest political movements in Russia. It is quite interesting.

Friday Evening.

I don't know, dear, what you will think of a disconnected letter like this, but since I have been in this place I have felt, more or less, nervous and restless. I am truly pleased about your mother's coming visit, as solitude and retirement have given me none of the comfort I expected; on the contrary, they seem to have brought back so many ghosts of other happy years, that I miss you here more acutely than anywhere else. It was so terribly lonely yesterday that I ordered the trap and the old pony to go and see Father Langton. I was fortunate enough to find him at home, and he appeared genuinely pleased to see me. I caught him working in his garden as usual, when he has a free minute, and needless to say we went over it to see his new treasures. Amongst these were some rose trees of which I took the names, while in his tiny green house flowered some prize auriculas and American carnations which would have taken honors at any show. When I remarked that these were, of their kind, either very late or very early, he smiled in that knowing way of his, saying that he knew it very well, and was rather proud of his knowledge of the trade.

Then we went in to have some tea, and we began to talk about you, Rex. Such a talk: up and down and across and sideways. As Father Langton is such an old friend of us both, there is no need with him to be prudent or reticent about anything; and that sort of conversation is a real rest and help. We also spoke of his poor people. Some have been very ill; there were a good number of pneumonia cases this year. I asked him to make me a list of the things most needed for these, and he promised to let me know.

I told him that I would stay here for a fortnight, and that if there was anything in which I could help him he was to let me know. And I added, laughing, that since I had to put up with a whole year of penance, I wanted to make the most of it and cram it full with good deeds. He laughed heartily, and said he quite understood; and when I left him I felt wonderfully cheered up.

Ah me! how unexplainable facts are, after all. Ever since you went, all your friends and mine have done their utmost to console me and help me to bear your absence; and all they succeeded in doing was to make me put a mask on and appear to enjoy things, which either bored me or left me totally indifferent. And to-day, without the least affectation, the least attempt at preaching, this wise old man, while appreciating what I have felt, and still feel at present, looked on sorrow as such a simple, normal, healthy thing, and on *my* sorrow as such an insignificant one compared with the crosses of others, that I drove back with a comparatively light heart. What he had said, I could not repeat; it was not contained in words. The healing power which had comforted me came from his inner self, his nearness to God. It was as if he were standing so much above my level that he could see at a distance, and that his confidence that all would be well acted on me in the same manner as the calm knowledge of a grown-up person acts on a frightened child. One short sentence of his echoed now and again in my memory. It was his reply to a remark of mine.

"To be sure, my child, to be sure; so long as what confronts us is clearly God's will, nothing else signifies, does it? And the best of this is that, in your case, there is no room for doubt and therefore no need to trouble."

"No need to trouble"—that was just it! The thorn was there, as deeply in the flesh as ever, but if the wisest thing was to leave it alone instead of uselessly irritating the wound, what then? The evident, sensible course to follow was to use all my energy for other purposes. And in the keener evening air I let the pony gallop to its heart's content. There was not even a hen on the road, nothing but hazy low hills and brown stretches of moors, and a darkening sky with grayish moody clouds. As I came nearer the sea, the wind became sharper; the waves were flecked here and there with little touches of white; but there was not a boat or sea bird to be seen at that moment. I seemed lost in this immense space, helpless in this apparent isolation, yet strangely confident that I was not alone either physically or spiritually. Only, I was conscious of being so small in it all, so out of proportion with it, that I felt relieved when, turning into the avenue, I caught sight of the lit-up windows of the drawing-room. And then, my Reginald, the sweetest of surprises was awaiting me.

As soon as I came in, Mary told me that a little registered package

had come, and that she had signed the paper; but nothing crossed my mind, and I leisurely went up stairs to take of my coat. There, I positively dawdled; decided that I might as well change my dress, since dinner could not be far off, but at last I went downstairs. The little box stood on the Louis XV. table; near it was a telegram which I opened first. It was from your mother; she would take a later train and would be with me for dinner. Then I turned to the package. I did not know the writing, nor the address of the jeweler. Neither could I remember having left anything in this line to be mended anywhere. At long last I opened the box, unrolled the tissue paper, pressed the spring of a small ring case, and oh! Rex dearest, there was the very facsimile of my lost opal!

Do you know that I stood at the little table perfectly motionless, the tears welling up into my eyes, a big lump in my throat! Oh! it is not only because, before going, you have bought it for me, nor because I am so wonderfully fond of opals—though I prefer them to any other stone—but because your own heart could alone have matched it so perfectly from memory. At that instant I could again hear your voice when you gave me the original one.

“I bought you this,” you had said teasingly, “because it is the picture of your true self. See how blue and milky and innocent it looks under this greenish-gray shadow; and yet, my lady fair, there is a very naughty little red light in it. It is the little red light which gives you away, do you see?”

“To everybody?” I asked. But you laughed, my Rex, and looked at me in that provoking way of yours.

“No, madame,” you said, “no, not by long odds. The deceived world takes you for a lamb.” And there was more of that absurd nonsensical talk of ours! We were so happy then. The first few times I wore it, how, like a big schoolboy, you enjoyed asking at any opportunity whether the “red light” had been “turned on.”

I suppose you alone knew how I regretted my poor ring the day it slipped from my finger; but I had never hoped to find one so absolutely similar. While I am looking at it, this instant, I could almost swear that it is the same; the same greenish-gray overlaying the brilliant blue, the same angry dart of vivid fire shooting through it at almost any angle! Oh! Reginald dearest, now that I am wearing it, it almost feels as if your hand were stretched across to mine; and when my eyes meet it inadvertently it is as if they met yours, though much too rapidly to hold them.

Rex! my Rex! little Dubois has just brought in your cable. You are safe and well, thank God! but I can write no more to-night. You seem so far, so far!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

POEMS. By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents.

Those who have known Father Benson as preacher, novelist, spiritual director, playwright, and apologist will welcome with gratitude, but not with surprise, this little posthumous volume of his poems. To a nature of such intensity and concentration the poetic utterance was well-nigh inevitable. Inevitable, too, perhaps, was the presence in his poetry of the selfsame spiritual forces which had dominated and impelled his other works for God and man. The pages of this present book are "saturate"—to borrow one of his own characteristic words—with religious emotion.

It is also their distinction to be probably more vividly personal than any of his other literary work. Not, indeed, at all moments: his charming and archaic *Christmas Carol* is twin-sister to those which many a modern Catholic poet has given us. The translations and devotional pieces are often quite in the usual matter and manner of worthy religious verse. But there are other poems in which the note is vibrantly individual and Bensonian: such are *Visions of the Night*, lines of really striking phrasing and pageantry; or *Hero Worship* or *The Priest's Lament*, or the proud, thunderous tragedy of *Savonarola Moriturus*.

Divine union: the cost of it all—the terrible pain and the half-terrible sweetness: this was the burden of Benson's soul, and the burden which in these slight pages he cast into song. How worthily, for life and for letters, the music was wrought may be guessed from two fragments. The first is that haunting second stanza of the Savonarola soliloquy:

"Faint heart, poor soul," do they say, "to recant at a pain,
To repent at the turn of a screw!"

Ah, I ask pardon of God again and again,
And pardon from you!

Can the brain balance and weigh when the sinews are rent,
Is there room but for agony there?

What if the lips have lied, did the heart consent
In that night of despair?

Slow rocked the rafters above as I blinked in my pain
With the tears and the sweat in my eyes;

Torn was my heart on the rack, and entangled my brain;
Is there cause for surprise?

It is well that close beside this sensitive strain of human suffering should ring the companion strain of his dual music: the serenity of God's "pleasaunces," where the tired soul lies for a moment dreaming quietly in His sight:

Ah, dear Saviour, human-wise,
I yearn to pierce all mysteries,
To catch Thine Hands and see Thine Eyes
When evening sounds begin.

There, in Thy white Robe, Thou wilt wait
At dusk beside some orchard gate,
And smile to see me come so late,
And, smiling, call me in!

Not late but early was it decreed that Robert Hugh Benson should fare forth to meet his Master; nor by any "orchard gate" in the English countryside he loved so well, but rather from the strange presbytery of Salford Cathedral. Does one doubt any the more the divine, swift radiance of his welcome?

Because they are one expression of a great and vital soul, these poems will be prized. It is their good fortune to carry with them an inimitable introductory note by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, and an appendix reprinting Canon Sharrock's story of Monsignor Benson's last days.

THE UNFOLDING OF THE LITTLE FLOWER. By the Very Rev. William M. Cunningham, V.F. With a Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.25.

Much has been written of late on Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, and her remarkable autobiography, which is now so widely known, has twice been translated into English. This volume, however, presents the first complete study of her life in English.

Misapprehensions as to the character of her sanctity have arisen in certain quarters, and it has been the object of the writer throughout to prove that Teresa's "little way" is that same "narrow way" trodden by the feet of God's chosen ones in every age, and that the luminous, child-like sanctity of the little Carmelite nun was not that of a petted, pious child, but one of the simple heroism of Christ's most rugged warriors.

"In her writings," he says, "Sister Teresa speaks often of treading the path of spiritual childhood, as being a description

of the way of sanctity in which she was led, and many, with our English preconception of the meaning of 'childhood,' not noticing the emphasis on the word *spiritual*, and misled by her sublime humility and unconsciousness, have fallen into the error of thinking of her as having lived out her life while still remaining a child in mind, and of imagining that her way of sanctity was, therefore, a path of ease and freedom from effort, instead of being, as it really was, the divesting herself of every possible thing this earth held dear for her, so that she brought herself and her wants down to the level of an infant, who knows and cares not for aught but the actual minimum of food and warmth needful for supporting existence. Thus, the way of childhood meant for her a way of ceaseless crucifixion, nay, almost of annihilation of self from the beginning to the end of life. No wonder now she works miracles!"

But though "the sanctity of the Angel of Lisieux was no new-fashioned, ease-loving, way to heaven," her mind was essentially modern, and the problems which confronted her were the problems of the modern mind. This, together with the charm and loveliness of her personality, to which Father Cunningham has given ample tribute, should sufficiently recommend this latest English study of her life.

THE BLACK CARDINAL. By John Talbot Smith. New York: The Champlain Press. \$1.25.

Many novelists write their best story first, and then labor in vain for years to surpass, even equal, their first work. Father John Talbot Smith, on the contrary, has kept his best wine to the last. His latest book, *The Black Cardinal*, is unquestionably his best.

The story centres around Cardinal Consalvi, Pius VII.'s courageous, loyal, and far-sighted Prime Minister, who not only defends the rights of the Church against the dishonest and immoral Napoleon, but incidentally maintains against him the validity of Miss Patterson's marriage with Jerome Bonaparte, and saves his ambitious, weak-kneed brother from dishonor and ruin.

In a few lines Father Smith sketches for us a number of perfect portraits of the men who made history in Church and State during the first years of the nineteenth century in France: Napoleon, brutal, egotistic and unscrupulous; Pius VII., well-meaning, conscientious, but weak; the subservient Cardinal Fesch giving his Emperor nephew the advice he desired; Fouché, the most dishonest

scoundrel who ever served a prince; Jerome Bonaparte, good-natured, sentimental, but without character or honor; Betty Patterson, bright, vivacious, ambitious, and thoroughly lovable.

The author sustains our interest from the first page to the last. He entertains and at the same time instructs his readers without making his novel a mere long-winded moral tractate. Non-Catholics will learn from these pages to appreciate the Church's strong stand for the validity of the marriage bond. Napoleon, with all his power, could not make the Church invalidate the marriage of Jerome with Miss Patterson, a Protestant, although every possible influence was brought to bear upon the Pope. A novel of this type is a better apology for the Church than many a scholarly work of controversy.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF GOVERNMENT. By Lucius Hudson Holt, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00 net.

This book is not an expounding of theories nor a study of the government of the United States; it is an exposition of the general principles of government now operating in the foremost states in the world. The study is thorough and detailed, and was written, the author states, to supply a lack which he himself discovered when trying to find a similar book for his personal use. It is, therefore, of unique value to the student, and its publication is timely, in view of the pronounced changes which the present war must bring. Moreover, it is so well and lucidly written that it is capable of rousing the lethargic interest of readers who have hitherto been content to accept government as interpreted by politics; and it may be suggested that it might be highly useful to the very many women upon whom the duties of citizenship may be suddenly thrust by the adoption of the suffrage. They will be able to save themselves expenditure of time and labor in research by consulting this volume of reference and explanation.

ORIGINS AND DESTINY OF IMPERIAL BRITAIN. By J. A. Cramb. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

Some months ago Professor Cramb's lectures on *Germany and England* were published, and ran into several editions. At the time the present reviewer did little more than give a brief synopsis of the work, though he added that there were some things in it that a Catholic could not accept. But now that the reading public is

avored with the present volume, he feels that he must break his rule about "war books" and utter a note of disapproval. The philosophy underlying both these productions is decidedly unwholesome, and, if taken as representing the attitude of mind of the average Englishman, is likely to alienate sympathy from his cause. Great Britain professes to have entered this war in defence of right and the maintenance of international good faith. One does not notice such sentiments shining out very strongly in Professor Cramb's writings. On the contrary, he seems to be of the school of Bernhardt, with the advantage of an eloquent style. It would seem to the present reviewer that those in this country who are trying to arouse sympathy for the Germans, have a powerful ally in the late London professor; those whose sympathies are on the other side had better disown him, if they do not want him to prove what Bernhardt has proved to be for the nation whom so many have taken him to represent.

LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN. By Orton Lowe, Assistant Superintendent of the Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, Public Schools. New York: The Macmillan Co. 90 cents net.

As this book is addressed to public school teachers by one in authority, it is encouraging to find that the title exactly expresses the author's intention, which is to urge that children's reading-matter shall consist of true literature instead of the low-grade, vacuous material so frequently furnished. He presents with earnestness and with a strong argument for cultivation of the imagination as essential to the well-being of both individuals and nations, and gives practical suggestions in regard to the methods by which a correct and enduring taste in literature may be inculcated. An anthology of over a hundred poems is supplied; also an extensive bibliographical list for children and young people in which few, if any, omissions or substitutions would commend themselves, and none on the ground of literary quality, for all are of the best. The book is well worth the attention of many readers other than those for whom it is primarily intended.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, FROM THE RENAISSANCE TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Rev. James MacCaffrey. Two Vols. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$3.50 net.

About five years ago Dr. MacCaffrey published a history of the Church covering the period from the beginning of the French

Revolution to the rupture of the Concordat of 1801, and the success of the book was such as to justify a second edition in two years. This has encouraged him to complete the treatment of the whole period generally denominated "modern" by putting forth the present work, which in character and external appearance resembles its predecessor.

Those who have read and admired the earlier book will not be disappointed in this one; and one who has himself been engaged in the task of lecturing in history will not be slow to recognize in Dr. MacCaffrey's manner of presenting his subject precisely those methods that would be developed by practical experience of the needs of intelligent students. In works of this kind one does not look for novel views or strikingly original theories, but for completeness and clearness of presentation, which qualities are well to the front here. Even in such portions of the book as deal with subjects other than purely narrative, as, *e. g.*, the chapter on the causes of the Reformation, or the general state of Ireland in the early sixteenth century, there is an almost mathematical precision and arrangement, which, however it may detract from literary value, will be welcome to those who wish to use the book as a basis for further study or as a text for lecturing. For either purpose it is admirably adapted. And we would add a special word of praise for the eminently sensible bibliographies prefixed to each chapter. They contain just the names one would reasonably expect to find there, and nothing that ought not to be available in any good library.

A MANUAL OF CHURCH HISTORY. By F. X. Funk. Translated from the German by P. Perciballi, D.D., and edited by W. H. Kent, O.S.C. Two volumes. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$5.50.

Four years ago Kegan Paul of London published an English translation by Dr. Cappadelta of Dr. Funk's *Manual*, which was based on the fifth German edition. The learned Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Tübingen did his utmost to meet the criticisms of his work, which some thought ultra-liberal, by a number of careful revisions. Four years after his death, Dr. Bihlmeyer, his successor at Tübingen, published a sixth edition, which he brought up to date and supplemented by some hundred pages.

We were disappointed that in the volume before us Dr. Perciballi has paid no attention to the late revisions of either Dr. Funk or Dr. Bihlmeyer, but, on the contrary, has made use of an

edition which is older than the one used by Dr. Cappadelta. This is all the more unpardonable, because Dr. Perciballi's Italian translation of some twelve years ago was excluded from the Italian seminaries by Pius X.'s Pontifical Commission.

The present edition is well printed, but it pays little or no attention to the history of the Church in English-speaking countries, refers chiefly to German books in its bibliography, and contains a number of mistranslations, and some mistakes in dates. We are sadly in need of a good textbook in Church history which will do justice to the Church in the United States.

CARRANZA AND MEXICO. By Carlo de Fornaro. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25 net.

The spirit of the Mexican Constitutionalists who have been fighting for liberty the past few years along the progressive and enlightened path of rapine, murder and lust, is well set forth in the present volume. The author meant to write a bull of canonization of Carranza, but, without knowing it, he has in his stupidity shown forth to any thinking man the utter insanity of placing the supreme power of a country in the hands of bandits like Zapata and Villa, or unctuous phrase-making hypocrites like Carranza.

The Mexican Revolution takes as its model, he tells us, the French Revolution with its hatred of the priests and the aristocrats. Of course it "does not want to destroy religion," but the "clergy must be eradicated as noxious weeds from a field before cultivation." The Bishops of both Mexico and the United States are called to task for their sympathy with wealthy "reactionaries," and are urged to be silent about such trifles as the torturing and murdering of Christian Brothers and Priests, the outraging of nuns, the imprisonment and exile of bishops and clergy, the looting of banks, stores, and haciendas.

The hero Villa, who has dared question the honesty of Carranza the Incorruptible, has now become a cruel, tyrannical, unscrupulous, immoral and illiterate thief and bandit, a prey to schemers and intriguers, a tool forsooth of the "reactionaries" in Mexico and the United States. Our author loves the word reactionary, as the old woman of legend the magic word Mesopotamia. Zapata is another "illiterate tool of the schemers," who dared even to aspire to the provisional Presidency.

Huerta, of course, is accused of murder without the slightest evidence, and is called pretty names such as "the Avatar of greed,

lust and alcoholism, a moral hyena, a white-livered soldier pickled in cognac, a mental baboon," etc. These epithets give one a good idea of the author's style and the value of his criticisms.

THE VIERECK-CHESTERTON DEBATE ON WHETHER THE CAUSE OF GERMANY OR THAT OF THE ALLIED POWERS IS JUST. New York: The "Fatherland" Corporation. 10 cents.

This is the report of a debate between the editor of *The New Witness* (Mr. Chesterton) and the editor of *The Fatherland* (Mr. Viereck). The former, opening the discussion, presents the side of the Allies. He places the immediate cause of the war in the unjust and unreasonable demands of Austria upon Servia consequent on the assassination of the Archduke. These demands he characterizes as "a case of brutal indefensible aggression of a great nation against a small." A second cause, he claims, was the precipitate action of Germany in declaring war on France and Russia, and the wanton violation of Belgian neutrality. The maltreatment of the Belgians after their rights had been violated was the third cause.

Mr. Viereck claims that Germany is waging a defensive war, for her own rights and in obedience to her plighted word to Austria. Russia insulted and attacked Germany, and Germany struck back in self-defence. England hypocritically pretended that the war was one of aggression on the part of Germany. The violation of Belgian neutrality was justified, because Belgium had conspired with France and England against Germany, and thus Germany's action was only in accordance with the principle of self-defence.

At the end Professor Shepherd, the chairman of the debate, says he does not think that the cause of the war is identical with any of the occasions mentioned. That must be sought for many years back. Still he thinks that the things the speakers said were extremely interesting.

AUNT SARAH AND THE WAR—A TALE OF TRANSFORMATIONS. London: Burns & Oates. 25 cents.

This charming little volume, full of pathos and humor, describes in a most vivid manner the many changes brought about in England by the Great War. It consists of a number of bright letters written by the self-centred Aunt Sarah, who becomes the

most charitable of souls; her gallant nephew who tells us stirring stories of the front; and his sweetheart, who becomes a Red Cross Nurse.

The writers of these letters quote continually from their favorite authors, Francis Thompson, Coventry Patmore, G. K. Chesterton, Katharine Tynan, and Thomas Hardy.

DANIEL WEBSTER. By Frederic Austin Ogg, Ph.D. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. \$1.25 net.

As one of the series of American Crisis Biographies, this book treats its eminent subject almost entirely in the light of the public man, though personal touches of character, appearance and habits are not wholly lacking. Dr. Ogg has displayed much skill and grasp in condensing into convenient space the momentous history of Webster's time, and the incalculable importance of his part in it. Essentials are presented with clarity, and enough detail is given to impart continuity. The reader who wishes to possess himself expeditiously of knowledge of the main facts and incidents, with an understanding of the attendant and contributory circumstances, will find this work highly satisfactory.

THE TRUE ULYSSES S. GRANT. By General Charles King. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00.

Into a volume of less than four hundred pages, General King has compressed a memoir covering every phase of the great soldier's life, and packed with incident related with an animation that gives a vivid freshness to the impressions conveyed. As the title implies, it is the intimate and personal side of Grant which is the objective point. At each stage of his life's journey his biographer traces the traits and characteristics hidden under the reserve of "the silent man of the nation." The art of the literary man is displayed in the cleverness with which a miscellaneous mass of biographical material is brought into orderly sequence, and facts so picturesquely worded that they lose nothing by the brevity enjoined by limitations of space. The craftsmanship of the novelist, also, is shown by the skillful subordination of people and events to the centre of interest on whom the reader's attention is always fixed. Especially in the chapters on the Civil War, the canvas is crowded with figures, Grant's associates, friends, and enemies all firmly sketched in clear colors, all composing a moving background for the dominant portrait of the great General, patient, generous and taciturn. There is

power and pathos in the concluding pages, where the writer ascribes to the silent man facing death in the retirement of Mt. McGregor, while laboring to clear his name of all obligations, a greatness beyond all that he achieved on the open battlefield.

There is no denial or attempt at concealment of errors and mishaps that have been at least sufficiently commented upon; the author says merely that the faults and mistakes were few, the calumnies many, and devotes his powers to bringing into rightful prominence things more gratifying to dwell upon, more generally ignored. Grant's truthfulness, honesty and justice, his incapacity for intentionally or consciously wronging any man, his magnanimity and humaneness, the purity of his domestic relations, and the tenacity of his affection for family and friends, these do not rest upon assertions by the author, but are established by instances which he records.

General King does not, like many biographers, regard his work as a field for the exercise of self-restraint. His feeling for his illustrious subject is enthusiasm, and he expresses it with whole-hearted warmth, increased no doubt by the sense of fellowship in a common Alma Mater—West Point.

The book is a tribute of just and chivalrous loyalty to the object of the author's admiration; withal, it has a quality of interest that does not presuppose any on the part of the reader, and it may very probably become the choice of those who are looking for a biography that is compact, yet has the elements of comprehensiveness, veracity and entertainment.

ANGELA'S BUSINESS. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.35¹/₂ net.

Henry Sydnor Harrison has so fully established himself in the interest of his readers that his novels, still few in number, have come to be an event in the field of fiction.

In the present story, the author has chosen for his theme the "woman question"—the question eternal. Charles Garrott sets out to discover the true "womanly woman." He has all the naïve impenetrability of one who has fed on abstractions rather than reality, and experience alone forces him to yield to a gradual process of enlightenment. This experience comes to him from two directions so distinct that, like the famous parallel lines, they seem to have no point in common.

Mary Wing is the independent young woman who carves her

own career, and whose capabilities have already cleared the path to assured success. Angela, "her so different cousin," is that pretty, appealing, selfish girl, who, paradoxically, is recognized as the "home-maker" and the "womanly woman." The self-reliance of Mary, the inefficiency of Angela, cause him to re-act with tantalizing indecision from one to the other. Perplexed and disillusioned, at last, Charles Garrott is on the verge of total discouragement, when, in a flash of revelation, things take shape out of the mist.

Mary Wing—for the sake of her mother and of another—flings away deliberately the golden opportunity of a career towards which for many years every effort has been directed.

Positions are now reversed. Angela, who, in the meantime, has succeeded in "snaring" a husband, sacrifices his career to her selfish whim. Mary, the "Egoette," has shown herself as capable of renunciation as of achievement, and the "womanly woman" emerges before the startled eyes of Charles.

The book is both sane and just in its observations on the "new woman." The advocate of free-love and the developed *ego* is unsparingly condemned. Freedom, reflects Charles, towards the last stage of his enlightenment, is not "a thing that any chance passer can pick up and use, like a cane." Nor does it consist in flinging incense to one's personality, and the "call of the race." It is "only too fatally easy to act free, at others' expense. . . . real responsible freedom is having the ability and the desire and the fair chance to do a thing—and then not to do it."

If, as a novel, *Angela's Business* cannot reach up to the standard of Mr. Harrison's previous works, either structurally or in its delineation of character, it is, nevertheless, wholesome, thoughtful, and amusing. Its purpose, moreover, is serious, and we cannot help but feel that, under the apparent foam of the surface-breakers, the author has given us an argument carefully meditated and convincingly advanced.

A BOOK OF ANSWERED PRAYERS. By Olive Katherine Parr.
New York: Benziger Brothers. 45 cents net.

A delightful anthology of graces is this latest slender volume from the pen of Olive Katherine Parr, and one that will be of interest to all who put faith in the efficacy of prayer. Too frequently in the past such records have been treated in a manner so strictly personal as to lose significance in the telling; here, on the contrary, these "idylls," as Miss Parr has christened them,

though at times almost minutely personal, have retained their flavor and their general application.

The author's personality and history impress themselves on the clever and often amusing little narratives; her spirit of faith is contagious, and there are few who will not come away from the book with a sense of refreshment and a firmer trust in that exhaustless treasure of the Christian soul—the open-sesame of prayer.

It is a pleasure to the reader, in turning the pages of the book, to discover that the proceeds from Miss Parr's writings are devoted to the continuance of Eucharistic worship in the little moorland chapel of Venton, where "the prayers are prayed"—and answered.

ROMA. Ancient, Subterranean and Modern Rome in Word and Picture. By Rev. Albert Kuhn, O.S.B. Parts VII., VIII. New York: Benziger Brothers. 35 cents each.

In these two fascicules of *Roma*, Dr. Kuhn gives us a brief history of the catacombs in general, and a brief sketch of the catacombs on the Via Salaria Nova (St. Priscilla), the Via Nomentana (St. Agnes), the Via Appia (St. Prætextatus, St. Callixtus, St. Lucina), and the Via Ardeatina (St. Domitilla).

The many illustrations, plans and copies of inscriptions make these volumes of special interest.

THE COPY-CAT AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary Wilkins Freeman. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.25 net.

The stories picture New England of many years ago, with all its pride, pretense, fanaticism, and meanness. *Dear Annie*, a tale of a sordid home of a New England minister, might well be used as a tract in favor of clerical celibacy. *Noblesse* is unnatural, *The Balking of Christopher* unreal, and *The Umbrella Man* tiresome. The stories of children, on the contrary, are inimitably done. Even grown-ups will enjoy the antics of John Trumbull, "the cock of the walk;" Arnold Carruth of the golden curls and baby stockings; Lily Jennings, pert, conceited and resourceful, and the delightful copy-cat, Amelia Wheeler.

JUST STORIES. By Gertrude M. O'Reilly. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$1.00 net.

In this volume the author shows herself competent for her task. The stories it contains are proportioned by that subtle but inevitable blending of pathos and humor that touches the deepest

well-springs of human feeling, and by that poetry of faith that gives them freshness and significance. Her hand has lain lovingly on the pulse of her people; no pseudo-Irish have found their way into these pages; but the generous, clear-seeing, childlike Celt has been set informally "at home" in his own background and among his own hills.

The writer has, indeed, charmingly achieved the purpose outlined in her foreword: to "bring the pleasant memory of home to those who have wandered, struck perhaps with the 'fairy wisp' of the pooka, and give some little glimpse of Ireland to those who have not had the joy of looking on her face."

THE NEW LAITY AND THE OLD STANDARDS. By Humphrey J. Desmond. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. 50 cents net.

In these lay sermons the well-known editor of the Milwaukee *Citizen* pleads for an intelligent Catholic laity, full of Catholic public spirit and of civic patriotism, courageous in defending the Faith, loyal to their leaders, doers as well as preachers of the truth. He criticizes mildly at times the over-zeal in church building, which taxes so severely the clergy's strength; the reluctance of the Catholic pulpit to insist on the principles of civil morality, and the over-readiness of the wealthy Catholic snob to run after the society of Protestants, and the like. The book is suggestive, well-written and outspoken.

THE DONS OF THE OLD PUEBLO. By Percival J. Cooney. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.35 net.

We are happy to say that this novel paints the Spanish Americans of Old California as they were—brave, humane, Christian gentlemen. When we can acknowledge and esteem people whose ways and views differ from our own, for their virtues and real worth, we are surely progressing from ignorance to enlightenment. In view of the present quickening of interest in Californian matters, this book ought to be a success. Done José is as fine a sample as can be found of his class, and his noble forgiveness of his enemy shows plainly that his religion is a very real and vital part of him. The romance of the beautiful Spaniard, Loreto, with a Carroll of the old historic family of the Signer of the Declaration of Independence, will be found quite absorbing enough for the most exacting reader.

PERU, A LAND OF CONTRASTS. By Millicent Todd. With twenty-four full-page plates. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00 net.

Peru falls naturally under three divisions—the Desert, the Mountains, and the Jungle. Miss Todd, who spent some months as a member of an astronomical expedition in the country, writes from personal observation of the Peru of to-day; as a student she has also consulted the chief authorities who have written of this most interesting country. Contrast she asserts is Peru's characteristic quality, and from that viewpoint she writes her story. She speaks of the tropical heat and the arctic cold; the heavy poisonous jungle mists and the thin air of the mountain tops; of the scorching dryness of the desert, and the reeking wet of the jungle; of a nation of slaves in Inca days ruled by a monarch god; of Oriental splendor shining because of forced labor in dark, suffocating mines, and of the poverty-stricken Indian of to-day in a land of wonderful resources.

Peru is considered from every viewpoint: historically, scientifically, geographically. Our author tells us of the civilization and religion of the Incas; the conquest by the Spaniards of the sixteenth century; the monuments that remain of ancient cities and temples, and the flora and fauna of the country. The book is well written and beautifully illustrated.

SEVEN YEARS ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser and Hugh Crawford Fraser. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.00 net.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser and her youngest son, Hugh, have written a most entertaining account of their stay in northwestern Washington. The book is full of good stories, excellent character sketches, strange experiences, accurate descriptions of life in the far West, beautiful word pictures of mountains, forests and sky, and shrewd, if not always accurate, comments on American diplomacy, corrupt politics, prohibition, education and the like.

The authors apologize for the utter lack of order in their book, saying: "If we seem to move backwards and forwards in this narrative the reader must forgive us; the memories crowd so hard upon one another, that to arrange and order them would be a labor of years." Both mother and son write as they would speak to us around a winter's fireside, telling of their happy sojourn in "the true Republic of the West," and those quaint characters whose sayings, doings, humor and habits defy all classification.

We are introduced to ignorant Methodist ministers, who look like brigands and drive a stage in the intervals between marrying and preaching; we admire the canny horse-trader, Dick Mackenzie, of hypnotic tongue and heart of gold; we despise the cant and hypocrisy of the cold water army of fanatical temperance reformers; we smile at the politicians who accept the fake petitions of "the moderates" with alacrity, although they know that many of the names belong not to voters but "to hens and cayuses;" we try in vain to swallow some of the tallest stories ever ventured by even an imaginative Westerner; we enjoy the portraits of the Pecksniffian Methodists and Baptists, "whose religion manifested itself chiefly in denouncing their neighbor's sins."

Every American will enjoy this volume thoroughly even if he deny that our educational system is nil, our Senate dishonest, our yachting and athletic record a poor one. Prejudice will explain many of these unjust strictures.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY. By Helen Marshall Pratt. Two volumes. New York: Duffield & Co. \$4.50.

The author's aim in these volumes has been, as she herself says, to combine "most important and interesting facts concerning the founding, establishment, and the architectural features of the Abbey as they are understood to-day, and to present the conclusions of the most reliable modern archæologists, for the convenient use of readers at home and of students of art and architecture."

We know of no better guide book on the history, architecture, and monuments of Westminster Abbey. The writer brings out clearly the influence of the thirty years' residence of Edward the Confessor at the Norman Court, and the reasons which prompted him to build the Norman Abbey Church at Westminster. She also shows the spirit of the life and times of Henry III., and his reason for building the present church. Not all the monuments are treated, but only those names are included which loom up prominently in English history, or are in some way connected with American history.

CHIEF CONTEMPORARY DRAMATISTS. By Thomas H. Dickinson, Professor of English in the University of Wisconsin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.75 net.

The substance of this volume is composed of the complete text of twenty plays by authors of various nationalities, all the

plays, however, being in English. The editor's purpose, as explained in his preface, was "to provide within reasonable compass a series of plays which would as nearly as possible represent the abiding achievements of the present dramatic era." In this connection the term "contemporary" denotes not the chronology of productions of plays, but a mental affiliation with the distinctive characteristics of the said era which may be roughly indexed by such names as Galsworthy, Synge, Maeterlinck and Thomas. Professor Dickinson has made his selections with good judgment. The book's usefulness is augmented by the appendix, which contains notes and dates concerning the authors represented and their plays, a reading list of contemporary drama, and a working book list which will doubtless be a helpful guide to anyone about to venture into the field of dramatic composition.

LYRICS OF A LAD. By Scharmél Iris. With a Preface by Maurice Francis Egan. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour Co. \$1.00.

That a new luminary has appeared in the firmament of Catholic letters is evident from the artistic quality of these lyrics. The true poetic nature reveals itself in the spontaneousness which Shelley declared to be the necessary attribute of every poet.

"But star differeth from star in glory." If Francis Thompson and Swinburne both commended the work of the young poet, there are, in his verse, more points of contact with the latter than with the large, sense-free, austere, impassioned art of the greater poet.

Mr. Iris is an Italian by birth, and the Latin temperament is apparent in his poetry. The classic imagery, which has been so totally discarded by contemporary poets, finds its way into his poetical illustrations. But it is rather the classicism of the Renaissance, in its later period, than of Greece. The *Vision of Two Lovers* reminds one of a Venetian fresco of the Cinquecento. There is the color, too, and the sensuousness of the Latin element in his verse. We wonder what the critics of Tennyson's "bed of daffodil sky" would say to the following stanza:

The daffodil is in the sky,
Upon the cloud, the rose;
The violets enraptured lie
Along the evening glows.

If we feel a trifle overcome by scent and color, if an occasional note of sentimentalism in his religious verse oppresses, we must

remember, as Mr. Egan tells us in the preface, that this garden is "the little garden of a young poet."

In the following lines from *Redwinged Blackbird*, the poet is even more thoroughly himself, and altogether at his best:

Nay, none of these thou art, I own,
But an arpeggio shaken down
From Song's thick symphony of boughs.
Where all Night's lidded odors drowse;
A feathered arrow flaming, bright,
Shot past the startled glooms of night.

The young poet's talent is still fresh and glowing, and therefore capable of vitalization and expansion. We shall look for work of even more excellent stamp when maturity shall have set its seal of experience on the vision and optimism of youth.

MRS. MARTIN'S MAN. By St. John G. Irvine. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.35 net.

Mr. Irvine's picture of home life in Protestant Ulster is a sordid and disgusting tale of immorality, drunkenness, hypocrisy, and the unchristian spirit of unforgiveness. No Catholic Home Ruler could have written a more bitter diatribe on the alien population of the North of Ireland than the author has done in these clear-cut character sketches. If these sketches are true to life, Ulster is utterly lacking in all that makes Catholic Ireland lovable and winning—devotion, resignation, the sense of the supernatural, purity and charity.

The novel tells us of the self-reliant Mrs. Martin, who accepts without a murmur her husband's infidelity, keeps her home together by her untiring energy during the years of his desertion, and then receives him back again despite the great wrong he has knowingly and deliberately done her. Her "man" is a brutal, ignorant, drunken and licentious brute, whose only redeeming feature is his love for his only daughter.

"Oily Willie," the Rev. Wm. Haveron, is the Ulster Presbyterian minister, without humor, perception, tact or common sense, but full of an exaggerated sense of his own importance.

Mrs. Martin's brother, Henry Mahaffy, is an "obese flabby hulk of tissue," having God ever on his lips, and bitterness and unforgiveness ever in his heart. His "religious" wife Jane is a querulous, inquisitive, hard-hearted soul, envious, bitter of speech, and gloating over scandal.

Her sister Esther, the most interesting character of the book, when about to renew her immoral intimacy with her brother-in-law, is deterred only by finding out that he has become a tramp. Mr. Ervine tires us at times with his oft-recurring words: *quaren, sang, thole, cod, and rightly*. To his mind they are peculiarly Ulster Protestant.

THE LONE STAR RANGER. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.35 net.

The author of this stirring tale dedicates his book to Captain John Hughes and his Texas Rangers, "who made the great Lone Star State habitable, who never know peaceful rest and sleep, who are passing, who surely will not be forgotten, and will some day come to their own."

Buck Duane, the hero, is an outlaw like his father before him, but not a vicious, drunken, immoral bandit like most of his fellows in the early days of Texan history. He inherited from his father "a driving intensity to kill," and of course could draw his gun quicker than most men, and always reach his mark to a hair's breadth. After killing his man in self-defence, but dreading the prospect of an ordinary trial by jury, he takes to the wilds of Texas to live the life of a hunted outlaw.

After many wonderful adventures—easily paralleled in real life, as the writer can vouch from unimpeachable evidence—he becomes a Texas Ranger, and devotes his days to breaking up the thieving and murderous gangs of the border wild lands.

A good story to read when a man is tired out, for it will refresh him. The characters are well drawn and the story well told. Occasionally we find the hero acting on the theory that the end justifies the means, but outlaws, detectives, and policemen are more apt to act upon this immoral principle than the Jesuit of fable.

A BOOK OF COMMON VERSE. By Albert L. Berry. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

Much of the verse contained in this slim volume advances dangerously near the boundary-line of prose. But the title disarms criticism, and the contents are not pretentious. If there are lapses of technique, the thought in many of the poems is of good quality and not lacking in originality. Almost all of them are informed by a religious feeling which is both earnest and poetical.

ON THE FIGHTING LINE. By Constance Smedley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.

The author in a foreword tells us that the title of this book had been chosen before the war broke out; also the fact that the story does not in any way concern what has since become known as "The Fighting Line." The heroine tells her story convincingly; she is not a coward; and can tell herself unpalatable truths. She has to learn the bitter lesson that she is a mere cog in the wheels of a vast money-making machine, and finally realizes in the words of the *Imitation*, "How often have I not found faithfulness there where I thought I might depend upon it! And how often have I there found it where I the less expected it!" One of her conclusions is: "The only way to get anything accomplished appears to be to obey blindly, to set up someone as an ideal and follow blindly." Not a bad idea if the "someone" be a competent and infallible guide. Her disillusionments are many, and Divine Providence appears quite unknown to her or her friends.

THE JUVENILE COURT AND THE COMMUNITY. By Thomas D. Eliot, M.A., Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

This book does not portray the reform of boy gangs, nor describe in detail the standards or practice of courts and probation officers, but, as the author himself says, "its object has been to treat the juvenile court in its relation to other social institutions, as a problem in social economy." The author maintains that the juvenile court as at present organized is an unnecessary and an anomalous institution. Its present functions, he tells us, could and should be performed by the school and the domestic relations court.

Even those who disagree with Dr. Eliot's conclusions will find his volume most suggestive.

FROM E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, we have twenty-one volumes of the Everyman's Library (cloth, 35 cents net; leather, 70 cents net). This already remarkable collection of classics, old and new, in artistic make-up, at popular prices, now numbers seven hundred and twenty-one volumes. The following list of recent additions gives a fair idea of its scope and variety: *The Life of Robert Browning*, by Edward Dowden; *Cæsar's Gallic War and Other Commentaries*, translated by W. A. McDevitte; *Carlyle's*

Essays; Short Studies, by James Anthony Froude; *The Story of a Peasant*, by Erckmann-Chatrian; *The Subaltern*, by Rev. George Robert Gleig; *Windsor Castle*, by Harrison Ainsworth; *Tom Cringle's Log*, by Michael Scott; *Poor Folk and the Gambler*, by Feodor Mikhailovich Dostoieffsky; *Josephus' Wars of the Jews*; *History of the French Revolution*, from 1789 to 1814, by F. A. M. Mignet; *British Historical Speeches and Orations*, compiled by Ernest Rhys; *Poems by Ralph Waldo Emerson*; *Brand: A Dramatic Poem*, by Henrik Ibsen; *Heimskringla, The Olaf Sagas*, by Snorre Sturlason; *Rights of Man*, being an answer to Mr. Burke's attack on the French Revolution, by Thomas Paine; *Bacon's the Advancement of Learning*; *Travels in France and Italy During the Years 1787, 1788, 1789*, by Arthur Young; *Tales of Ancient Greece*, by Sir George W. Cox, Bart.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. have just published a new and cheaper edition of the works of the Abbé Fouard, translated some years ago by G. F. X. Griffith. The six volumes include: *The Christ, the Son of God*; *St. Peter and the First Years of Christianity*; *St. Paul and His Missions*; *The Last Years of St. Paul*; *St. John and the Close of the Apostolic Age*. THE CATHOLIC WORLD has very frequently spoken of the excellences of these noted volumes. We wish to thank the publishers for this cheaper and uniform edition, and once more heartily recommend the volumes to the Catholic public. The price of the entire set is \$7.50.

THE same house announces the publication of a new work by Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L., entitled *Pragmatism and the Problem of the Idea*. In view of the wide vogue of pragmatism in recent philosophy, Father Driscoll's book is timely. His purpose is to show that the basic error of pragmatism as a philosophy is its false presentation of the idea.

Father Driscoll is well known as the author of the volumes on Christian Philosophy—*God*, and *The Soul*. And no doubt his new volume will be widely welcomed. It will be reviewed later in our pages.

AN excellent little guide book, entitled *California and the Far West; Suggestions for the West-Bound Traveler*, by K. E. M. Dumbell (New York: James Pott & Co. 75 cents net), is compiled for the use of tourists who intend to visit the Panama

Exposition this year. It points out all the trips worth taking, with suggestions regarding the best hotels, railroads, chief points of interest, and the like.

THE fourth volume of Father L. Branchereau's *Meditations* (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.00) treats of the feasts of the Liturgical Year from Advent to the Fourth Sunday of Lent.

ST. AUGUSTINE, in his *De Cura Gerenda Pro Mortuis*, replying to certain inquiries addressed to him by St. Paulinus of Nola, gives a detailed explanation of Christian belief regarding the burial of the dead, the independence of the soul from the condition of the body after death, the purely indirect character of benefits to be derived by the departed from their place of interment, and the manner and significance of their appearance to the living in dreams, to request burial. Miss Allies, in a small volume entitled *How to Help the Dead* (New York: Benziger Brothers. 40 cents), has given us a translation of the treatise in question. The work is admirably done, and puts this practical treatise of the great Doctor of the Church at the disposal of all the faithful.

A MEMBER of the Ursuline Community of Sligo has compiled a book of devotions, *A Garland For St. Joseph* (New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents net), especially fitted for the month of March, but suitable throughout the year for devout clients of St. Joseph, or those desirous of becoming such. It consists of informal meditations, poems and anecdotes concerning the Saint culled from different sources. The extracts will be found to be wisely selected, varied, and profitable.

HINTS ON LATIN STYLE, by James A. Kleist (New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss. 30 cents), is a digest of the author's larger work entitled *Aids to Latin Prose Composition*. It is designed primarily for classes of Latin in the High Schools. Each of the twenty-eight Hints is printed on a separate page, so that the student may add his own notes, and the observations of his instructor.

FATHER VAN TRICHT, of St. Ignatius' Institute, Antwerp, Belgium, has written a little brochure, *Vocation* (New York: Benziger Brothers. 10 cents), telling how a vocation to the priest-

hood and to the religious state may be ascertained and followed out. Father Paul Conniff, S.J., has adapted this conference for English readers, and has added in an appendix the decision on priestly vocation given by a commission of Cardinals in 1912 at the time of the Abbé Lahitton controversy.

DIEDERICH-SCHAEFER COMPANY of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has issued the seventh edition of the little manual, entitled *Catholic Belief and Practice*, by Rev. James E. McGavick. The manual sells for 15 cents a single copy; and \$10.00 per hundred.

THE Boys' Orphan Asylum of Manchester, New Hampshire, has sent us an excellent little treatise called *A Few Suggestions for the Practical Nurse*. Price, 15 cents.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The United States Bureau of Education has sent us the following pamphlets: *Organization of State Departments of Education*, by A. C. Monahan; *The Present Status of the Honor System in Colleges and Universities*, by B. T. Baldwin; *The Educational Museum of the St. Louis Public Schools*, by Carl G. Rathman; *The Health of School Children*, by W. H. Heck; *The Efficiency of Rural School Teachers*, by H. W. Foght; *Literary Instruction in Universities, Colleges and Normal Schools*, by H. R. Evans; *Education for the Home*, by B. R. Andrews; *The Training of Teachers in England, Scotland, and Germany*, by C. H. Judd; *The Present Status of Drawing and Art in the Elementary and Secondary Schools of the United States*, by R. B. Farnum; *Agricultural Teaching*; *The Kindergarten in Benevolent Institutions*; *The Care of Health in Girard College, Philadelphia*; *A Study of the Colleges and High Schools in the North Central Association*, and *Cooking in the Vocational School*, by I. P. O'Leary.

The United States Department of Agriculture has published four pamphlets on *The Social and Labor Needs, the Domestic, Educational and Economic Needs of Farm Women*.

The Australian Catholic Truth Society of Melbourne has sent us *Cultured Paganism*, by Rev. W. J. Tucker, S.J.; *The Kultur Kampf*, by Dr. G. R. Baldwin; *A Soldier's Son and Other Stories*, by Miriam Agatha; *Thoughts on a First Reading of the Life and Poems of Francis Thompson*, by Miss N. Boylan; *Blessed Peter Chanel* (a play). Price, 5 cents each.

The America Press have published some interesting articles in some of the late issues of *The Catholic Mind*: *Dr. Walsh's Sixty Historical Don'ts and Fifty Don'ts of Science*; *The Jesuit Myth*; *Catholic Sociology*; *Was Shakespeare a Catholic?* *The Menace and the Mails*, *The Church and the Mexican Revolution*, and *The Ethics of War*.

We acknowledge the Forty-third Annual Report of the Roosevelt Hospital, New York, the Forty-sixth Annual Report of St. Mary's Industrial School for Boys, and the Annual Report of the Commissioner of Corporations to the

Secretary of Commerce, Washington, D. C., and the Twenty-eighth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

The United States Brewers' Association has issued its 1914 Year Book, containing the reports delivered at the Fifty-fourth Annual Convention held in New Orleans, November 18-21, 1914, and additional chapters on the Alcohol Question and Saloon Reform.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Les Vaillantes du Devoir—Études Feminines, by Leon-Rimbault. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 3 frs. 50.) The Abbé Leon Rimbault has just published a new edition of the conferences which he delivered some years ago in Cahors, France. The various chapters are entitled: Woman Who Think, Women Who Love, Women Who Weep, Women Who Pray, Women Who Work, etc. The volume concludes with four panegyrics on St. Genevieve, St. Clotilda, Blanche of Castile, and Joan of Arc.

Les Sacraments, by Monsignor Besson. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 2 vols. 6 frs.) This is the tenth edition of Monsignor Besson's well-known conferences on the Sacraments delivered some thirty years ago in the cathedral of Besançon, France.

Examen Conscientiæ; seu Methodus excipiendi confessiones variis in linguis scilicet germanice, gallice, brittanice, italice, hispanice, et polonice. Auctore P. Fulgentio Maria Krebs, Ord. Min. Cap. (New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. 20 cents.) Presenting in brief compass the main words and phrases commonly used in the administering and receiving of the Sacrament of Penance, the brochure published by Father Krebs will be useful both to people and to priests when they are at the disadvantage of not knowing well the language that necessity forces them to employ. It covers the ordinary points fairly, though without indicating the pronunciation of the words.

De Curia Romana, by Felix M. Capello. Vol. II. (New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. \$1.75 net.) This is the second volume of Father Capello's excellent treatise on the Roman Curia, according to the reform of Pope Pius X. Book I. discusses the vacancy of the Holy See and the rights and duties of all Roman officials during the interim. Book II. discusses the historical and juridical aspects of Papal elections, the Conclave, the right of veto, etc. Some questions are rather superficially treated, as, for instance, the problem of an heretical or insane Pope. The bibliography shows an ignorance of German.

François Suarez, by Abbé Raoul de Scorraille, S.J. 2 vols. (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 15 frs.) The Abbé Scorraille has written a most detailed life of the great Jesuit theologian Suarez, the *Doctor eximius et pius*. He presents him to us as the model religious, humble, obedient, and mortified; the indefatigable professor of philosophy and theology in the Jesuit Colleges of Salamanca, Segovia, Valladolid, Rome, Alcala and Coimbra; the original and subtle thinker and writer on the most abstruse questions of theology. The student will find many points of interest in these two volumes, *v. g.*, his controversies with Vasquez; his share in the formation of the Jesuit *ratio studiorum*; his contributions to the discussion of the *de auxiliis*; his views about confession by letter or messenger which were condemned by Rome; his *Defensio fidei* against James I. of England, etc. These two volumes represent the labor of many years, the writer showing a perfect acquaintance with both the printed and the unedited works of Suarez.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Clergy and Blood Shedding. By Monsignor Moyes, D.D. From a very early date priests were exempt from military service, and were forbidden to take part in deeds of bloodshed or slaughter. The General Council of Chalcedon in A. D. 451 is held to have prohibited, even under pain of anathema, members of the clergy or monastic bodies from joining the army or seeking secular dignities. The prohibition was reaffirmed by local councils in France and Spain and elsewhere, and became part of the staple of Canon Law in East and West. The civil law, as far back as the code of Theodosius, early in the fifth century, bears witness to its enforcement by the fact that it took special precautions that men should not become monks or clerics merely to escape serving in the army. The basic reason of the prohibition was the deep-seated conviction in the mind of the Church that acts of violence and the shedding of blood were out of keeping with the Christ-like gentleness which she has the right to expect from her clergy. So strong was this feeling that in later times even the exercise of surgery by clerics was forbidden by Canon Law. Of course the clergy were always allowed on the battlefield to help the wounded and the dying, to act as counselors, chaplains, and confessors.

In the Middle Ages the bishops, as feudal barons—and often as commissioners of array—had to raise troops for the king from the Church lands of their sees, but they were forbidden to lead such levies in person. The line between mustering troops and leading them occasionally proved too thin, and some bishops assumed command of their armies, while not actually fighting, and a few, notably the Bishops of Beauvais and of Norwich, went straight into the hurly-burly of the conflict. The latter, however, humbly acknowledged the trespass, and the disqualification from using his orders which it involved, and humbly petitioned Pope Boniface IX., who in May, 1390, restored him to the exercise of his ministry. Other like requests are cited, and the answers given by Rome, which show the continuity of principle and practice on this banning of bloodshed by clerics.—*The Tablet*, April 10-17.

Verhaeren: Flemish Poet and Patriot. By Mrs. V. M. Craw-

ford. Vital national characteristics form the basis of Verhaeren's muse: the strong mystical element that gave us Ruysbrœck and the author of the *Imitation*, Jan van Eyck and Memling, and, in startling contrast, the grossly material element so marvelously visualized by the Flemish Old Masters. In spite of frequent sojourns abroad, Verhaeren has been singularly untouched by foreign influences. In certain moods, as in *Les Flamandes*, he has no reticence, no sense of discrimination; in *Les Débauches* and *Les Flambeaux Noirs*, we see "the beauty of disease," the expression of paroxysms of despair. In *Les Villages Illusoires* he passes into a serener atmosphere, treating his old peasant themes, but in their symbolical significance. The countryside he sings with sympathy; the cities with their factories, with horror and aversion. As a dramatist, he is not so successful, though *Le Cloître* achieved on the Continent a fair measure of success before intellectual audiences; it reads, however, much better than it acts.

In his *Visions de la Vie*, Verhaeren seems to have shown the full fruition of his genius, and to have attained to a clearer understanding of life. Woman and sexual love fill small space in his appreciation of the world's forces. His own development seems to be in the direction of pantheism. His strongest admirers have been found in Germany; by an accident of education he writes only in French. His permanent reputation will rest on his power of interpreting the soul of his own race.—*The Dublin Review*, April.

The Tablet (April 10): Dr. Peter Guilday, of the Catholic University of America, in two articles, April 10th and 17th, describes the attempts made by Pope Innocent XI. to relieve the condition of Catholics in England and of English Catholic exiles in Belgium (1676-1689).—The Bishop of Zanzibar, of Kikuyu fame, has excommunicated his Anglican confrère, the Bishop of Hereford, for admitting as a Canon of his cathedral, Mr. Streeter, the author of one of the most rationalistic books of modern times. The Bishop of Hereford in protest calls attention to the fact "that Canon Streeter has not even been arraigned, much less condemned, before any ecclesiastical court or synod, and that he continues to hold a license to officiate from my brother Bishop, the Bishop of Oxford."—Recently Sir Harcourt Butler, Member for Education, introduced a bill in the Legislative Council of India for the constitution of a University at Benares, "with special facilities for instruction in the Hindu religion." *The Guardian* makes the

following apposite comment: "The logic of facts is getting too strong for the theories of undenominationalism, it having been found in practice that, to promote education with any degree of success, you must give people largely the kind of teaching, including religious teaching, for which they ask."—During recent excavations in the church of St. Austin's Abbey, Canterbury, there have been laid bare the remains of the work begun by Abbot Wulfric between 1056 and 1059; also the remains of the despoiled tombs of the three immediate successors of St. Augustine in the See of Canterbury—Archbishops Laurence, Mellitus, and Justus. Parts of the original flooring and of what may be the altar of St. Gregory, and the empty grave where the body of St. Mildred was laid by Wulfric, were also uncovered. Whether there are any corresponding vestiges of the tombs of St. Austin and of Densdedit and of Honorius remains to be seen.

The Month (May): The Editor contributes a discussion, in the form of Plato's dialogues, on *The Ethics of Prohibition*.—Rev. J. H. Pollen describes the origin of the Appellant Controversy in England in 1598. It arose after the end of Dr. Allen's patriarchate, when Father Persons, S.J., was working for the establishment of a local church government under episcopal control. It was eventually decided by Rome that the new hierarchy should be sacerdotal, not episcopal, and George Blackwell was sent as the first Archpriest, but the events before his coming and the wording of the constitution according to which he was commissioned, stirred up exceedingly bitter feelings against the Jesuits.—S. E. S. selects Rev. S. Baring-Gould's *Lives of the Saints* to prove that a non-Catholic cannot really understand the Saints. Such a one must write of them as from without, not from within.—Rev. John Baptist Reeves, O.P., reviews the history of Lanfranc, monk of the Monastery of Bec, later Archbishop of Canterbury, and intermediary between Pope St. Gregory VII. and William the Conqueror. Father Reeves' purpose is to show that Lanfranc not only exhibited the mediæval spirit; but that this spirit "was a principle which he understood, an ideal which he cultivated, a life which he deliberately and intelligently lived and propagated." The secret of his greatness was "the old ideal, sublime yet practical, of the Church of Christ," namely, the indwelling of the Spirit of Truth. Could our age be brought to adopt this same ideal, it would solve that problem to which all others are reducible: the art of making men.—Rev.

Herbert Thurston, S.J., discusses the authorship of the prayer *Anima Christi*. The earliest reference to it is in the diary of the celebrated mystic, Margaret Ebner, in 1344, whose spiritual director was a Dominican, Father Henry of Nordlingen. This suggests the possibility that the prayer originated among the Friars Preachers. The rubrics connecting its authorship with Pope John XXII. are untrustworthy.

The Dublin Review (April): In *Toynbee Hall in the Settlement Movement*, James Britten reviews at length the founding and the work of Toynbee Hall, "The Mother of Settlements." In the words of Dr. Picht, the historian and former resident of the Hall, it "represents a fiasco of humanitarian liberalism." Mr. Britten discusses prominent Catholic settlements, such as St. Cecilia's house and St. Anthony's settlement.—Mr. Wilfrid Ward contributes a commentary on Cardinal Mercier's Pastoral, and reminiscences and criticisms of *The Journalism of Great Englishmen*.—F. F. Urquhart makes *A Plea for International Law*, with the formation of an international conscience, and urges the Church to take the lead in this matter.—A. H. Pollen writes on *The Submarine Myth*.—Rev. Herbert Thurston bemoans *The Plague of False Prophets*. He shows that "in the whole of ecclesiastical history not one satisfactory example can be quoted of a prophet, whether canonized or not, who has clearly predicted any unguessable future event *which was of public interest*." And if Saints have added practically nothing to our knowledge of the future destiny of the world, is it likely that any obscure Brother Johannes or Madame de Thèbes will have information to impart worthy of confidence?

Revue du Clergé Français (April 15): J. Bricout praises the learning, honesty, clearness, style, and Catholic spirit exhibited by M. Georges Goyau in his nine volumes on the religious history of Germany in the nineteenth century.—J. Touzard begins a description of his trip in 1912 to Mt. Sinai from Cairo.—A. Villien praises the series of studies by M. Paul Viard on the history of tithes, particularly his latest volume on ecclesiastical tithes in France in the sixteenth century.

Le Correspondant (April 10): George Fonsegrive criticizes Durkheim's recent work on the origins of religion.—Max

Turmann offers his second article on *The War and the International Organization of Charity in Switzerland*, describing the beneficent activities of the "Society for the Protection of Young Girls," the Gerdil Agency founded by Madame J. Jaquenond-Gloor and M. Gerdil, and the "Swiss Catholic Mission to French Prisoners in Germany."

(May 1): Abbé Wetterlé describes the present religious situation in Alsace-Lorraine.—M. Grillon de Givry has published a pamphlet on the *Survival and Marriage of Joan of Arc*, a legend which E. Vacandard has little difficulty in killing once more.—A. Vincent pays an extended tribute to the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (April 15): A. Eymieu notes points of opposition and of affinity between the scientific and the religious spirit.—The Russian Duma projects an essential change in the constitution of the Holy Synod. Its defenders deny the authority of the Duma to do this. But the official review of the ecclesiastical academy of Petrograd shows from history that the Synod does not correspond with either canon or civil law, but has been for two centuries entirely subject to the authority of the State.

Recent Events.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.

The tenth month of the War has witnessed **Progress of the War.** but little change in the situation. Certain gains have indeed been made by the French—nearly a mile in Alsace, in more than two miles near Arras, a somewhat noteworthy advance in the Woevre—but when these gains are compared with the task which still lies before the Allied Forces, the war must be considered as still in its early stages, especially as even on the West the Germans have been able to drive back the French lines for a short distance by the use of means hitherto looked upon as unlawful in civilized warfare. The advance failed, however, to reach Ypres, to say nothing of Calais, upon which, it was said, the Germans were to make another attempt. In the East, the position in East Prussia and through Poland has remained unchanged, while farther south, in Eastern Galicia, the Russians have not only failed in advancing into Hungary through the Carpathian passes, but have been driven back a considerable distance by the Austro-German army, although, according to the latest accounts, they have again made a stand, and even taken the offensive once more. The outcome of the many advances which Russia has made, followed, as they have invariably been, by as many retreats, has been very disappointing to those who looked to her success. However such disappointment need not necessarily mean despair. While her early successes led to the belief, or at least to the hope, that Berlin would be reached, those better acquainted with the capabilities of the Russian army felt doubtful about its being able to carry on an offensive campaign. For defence it was recognized as unconquerable, and if the campaign is now to take this character, no anxiety need be felt.

It must also be borne in mind, as a newspaper correspondent at Petrograd has pointed out, that the Russian attack has compelled

the German General Staff to divert to the East reënforcements which were originally meant for the West, and it will then be seen how great is the debt which the Allies owe to Russia. All through the winter the fate of the Allies has depended upon her. Had she remained passive, or suffered heavy defeats, she could have been left with a force relatively small to keep her quiet. The mass of the enemy's forces would then have been thrown against the French, Belgians, and British, before the latter had had time to prepare her army. On the contrary, Russia has never ceased to keep the Germans busy. Germany has not been able to devote her chief attention to the Western theatre, but has been hard put to it to know how to parry Russia's blows.

The long line which Russia has to defend must also be taken into account. While in the West the French occupy $543\frac{3}{4}$ miles, the British $31\frac{1}{4}$ miles, and the Belgians $17\frac{1}{2}$ miles, making in all $592\frac{1}{2}$ miles; in the East the line of the Russians extends over $856\frac{1}{4}$ miles. As the Servians and Montenegrins hold $218\frac{3}{4}$ miles, the whole extends to the enormous total of $1,667\frac{1}{2}$ miles, a distance greater than that from New York City to Oklahoma.

After having brought to a successful issue the contest with Germany in Togoland, Samoa, New Guinea, and the islands under the jurisdiction of its Governor, Great Britain and her Colonies have still seven campaigns on hand: France, the Dardanelles, Egypt, East Africa, the Cameroon, Mesopotamia, Southwest Africa, and East Africa. With the exception of that in France, which is, of course, the primary action of the War, the Dardanelles is the most serious. The first attempt in March may be considered a failure. It resulted, however, in the discovery of the necessity of land forces for the reduction of the forts. These forces are now being used. British and French troops have been landed, in what number is not known, nor with what success. Southwest Africa, where General Botha himself is in command of the troops, seems to have been so far the scene not of complete but of substantial success, the capital of the German territory having just fallen. Resistance, however, is not yet at an end. On the other hand, East Africa has been the scene of British reverses, in consequence of which the British have been forced to content themselves with acting on the defensive. They have, however, taken possession of an island on the coast of German East Africa, while maintaining an effective blockade of that colony. Moreover, the naval power of the Germans on Lake Victoria Nyanza has been destroyed, and its port on the same lake seized.

In the Cameroon the British and the French are acting in different parts of the colony with a varying degree of success. The coast, however, is effectually blockaded. All attacks so far made on Egypt by the Turks have been easily repulsed, whether finally or not remains to be seen, as they have an extremely truculent leader, who has taken a vow to conquer Egypt. Contrary to expectations the campaign in Mesopotamia has been renewed, Kurna, a place seized by the British some months ago, having been attacked by a new Turkish and Arabian army. This attack was unsuccessful, at least for the time being. It is said that British forces are acting in Persia for the protection of the oil wells, of which use is made by the British navy.

No vestige remains in any part of the world of German sea power, except where it is cooped up in the Kiel Canal or hidden beneath the waves—the submarine blockade. Liverpool shipowners, whom it is most likely to affect, look upon the submarine attack as a mere farce, a quarter of one per cent being the value of the loss it has so far inflicted. The total cargo losses from the beginning of the war suffered by Great Britain amount to a little more than two dollars and a half out of five hundred dollars. It is the imagination only that is affected by the record in the papers of submarine successes, for nothing is said of the hundreds of safe voyages.

The one “achievement” of the German submarine warfare is the awful crime of the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*. This, terrible though the cost has been, may be said to have proved an immense gain not only for the Allies, but for the world. It has already yielded fruit of the highest value. It has brought home to all willing to see, in a way in which nothing else could have done, the real character of German warfare. Best of all it has enabled this country at last to take the stand which many thought ought to have been taken on account of the wrongs inflicted on Belgium. The President judged that in that case we had no *locus standi*; the destruction of the *Lusitania* has given this to us. The claim of America to lead the civilized world, which many were beginning to think was mere clap-trap, has now been fully vindicated. It is not that this country's entry into war is desirable; in fact, the contrary is the case, for what would become of Belgium and Poland? The supreme value of the President's action consists in the proof which it affords, that there is still a voice outside the ranks of the Allies not afraid to brand in fitting terms the crimes of the nation before whom the rest of the world seems to be cowering. If the smaller

nations, Holland and Norway, which have been treated in a like manner, now take a similar stand, a league of neutral nations might be formed, which would be able to bring effectual pressure to bear upon the aggressor.

The striking characteristic of the present war is, of course, the immense number of combatants. What this precisely is, it is impossible to say: it cannot, however, be much less than ten millions. Perhaps even a more striking feature is the character which the warfare has assumed. Over the greater part of the ground it has taken rather the form of siege operations than that of stricken battlefields. The chief defences, however, are not stone forts or even earthworks, but trenches with barbed wire entanglements. The latter are so elaborate as to necessitate the use of artillery on an immense scale, as was proved at Neuve Chapelle. In view of the adoption of machine guns, individual bravery would appear to be useless. These guns fire five hundred bullets a minute, and the Germans had, it is said, fifty thousand of them. In a recent action it is calculated that thirty million shots were fired. This, of course, gives the explanation of the awful loss of life. At Neuve Chapelle the British lost more than at Waterloo, and yet Neuve Chapelle was but an episode in the present war. In spite, however, of the apparent uselessness for human beings attempting to contend with death-dealing machinery of this character, the spirit of the man of our times has risen to the occasion. There has been no flinching. The records of the past have, in fact, been far surpassed. The established rule has hitherto been that when ten per cent of the holders of a trench had been killed or wounded, the trench was to be evacuated. Many instances have taken place in the present war when after fifty per cent had been incapacitated the men have refused to yield. However comfort-seeking and even luxurious our times may be, the soldiers they have produced will stand for unsurpassed noble daring, and the spirit of sacrifice second to none, in the records of history.

Another characteristic of the war cannot be passed over in silence: it has been waged as a lawless war. Never has there been a more complete disappointment than that of those who have boasted of modern progress. A list, and one by no means complete, which includes the wholesale laying of mines without due notice, the sinking without warning of merchant ships; the unnamable and innumerable outrages upon non-combatant men, women, and children; the poisoning of wells; the oft-repeated killing of soldiers

wounded in battle; the brutal treatment of prisoners of war; the organized and systematic campaign of mendacity, of which the statement that the *Lusitania* carried an armament of twelve strongly mounted guns is only one of a hundred instances, cannot be matched, when taken together for barbarism and savagery, by any war that has ever yet taken place. As no event happens without antecedents, any hopes for the future of humanity which may be still entertained, depend upon such a study of the antecedents which have led up to the present crisis as will provide a remedy. It will doubtless be found, as our Holy Father has pointed out, that to the pursuit of material welfare as the chief object of life, the evil is in large measure to be attributed.

Yet another and more pleasant characteristic, or at least resultant of this war, may be mentioned—the outpouring of charity of which it has been the occasion. A single fund for the help of the dependents of those engaged in the war reached, in comparatively a short time, the large sum of twenty-five millions, a sum which is still being added to, while a single newspaper raised more than a million in aid of the Red Cross. Every kind of help and comfort is being lavishly contributed—tobacco, books, musical instruments, picture shows. Actors have gone near the front to amuse the soldier, and preachers to instruct him. A soldier who in some way had let it become known that he was suffering from loneliness became, within a few days, the recipient of three thousand letters and eighty parcels.

The movement for Church union which has been developing and growing stronger for many years, will undoubtedly receive a great impetus. The thoughts of men have been turned in a way, never experienced before, to the dread realities of death and eternity, and in their presence the divisions made by men tend to lose their hold. The religion which best gives to men, in the awful scenes through which they are passing, the help of which they stand in need, will find a better way to acceptance than ever before. As the need of Christ is being felt with greater urgency, the Church which supplies that need, the one which brings Christ closer, will be more and more recognized as satisfying the aspirations of the soul.

France.

In France no change has taken place in the Government, which maintains the firm determination to achieve the objects announced at first. To use the words of M. Viviani, “France is ready for all

sacrifices like her Allies who are fighting by her side for the right. So long as it is necessary to fight, France will fight. In common with her Allies, she will not contemplate the idea of peace until, together with them, she has driven the aggressor from the soil of Belgium, regained her own territorial integrity, and by a joint effort freed Europe from Prussian militarism. France owes this to her history, to her past, and to her honor. She owes it also to those of her children who are bleeding and dying, and who are sure that such immense sacrifices are not being made in order to secure a merely precarious peace." A few of the Socialists who showed signs of wavering met with universal condemnation. While all classes have vied with each other in offering themselves to the service of their country, the aristocracy has particularly distinguished itself. Among these may be mentioned the Comte La Fitte de Pelleport, who at the age of fifty-nine enlisted as a volunteer for the duration of the war, but died early in the war on the field of battle.

There are, of course, exceptions to this as to every rule. A number of strapping adults have saved themselves from going to the front by becoming clerks at military stores, or driving unnecessary motor-cars in Paris. They are numerous enough to have received the special name of *embusqués*, which is applied to them in derision. The average middle and lower class family is giving liberally all for the nation—its men, its still growing boys, and all but the very shreds of its income. The feeling is universal that it is a sin for a man who is able to fight not to be engaged in the defence of his country. So keen is this feeling that something like resentment is expressed by some classes in France, that the war does not seem to mean so much to the people of Great Britain as to themselves. They cannot understand that life in Great Britain can go on undisturbed, with its strikes and labor troubles, its business and bank holidays as usual. Doubt is even felt whether England is really as earnest about the war as France—a doubt which is without the shadow of a justification.

Foreign observers have been struck by the fraternal feeling that exists between the officers and the men in the French army, a thing which is one of the outcomes of the democratic *régime* in France. Officers and non-commissioned officers sit at the same table in a spirit of good-fellowship, to the amazement of the British. A private does not feel embarrassed at facing his commandant in a restaurant; they talk freely to each other even at the front. And this

is done without any detriment to discipline. Behind the friendly feeling of officers and men the discipline is of the sternest, and it has asserted itself in the present war whenever the occasion has called for it. The Commander-in-Chief, its fountain head, has been unflinching when efficiency is concerned. He has rejuvenated the Higher Command; the French army is now a young army; its generals are now about ten years younger than their predecessors. The older men, with a few exceptions, have retired or have been given other work. Many privates have been raised from the ranks; nor is there any feeling in France in such cases. The spirit of democracy is strong enough to prevent any resentment being shown. The millionaire who responds to the mobilization order in his motor-car, may have to accept orders from his servant who is a sergeant. General Joffre, or as he is often called, Père Joffre, retains in his hands without dispute the destinies of France, commanding, as he does, the complete confidence of the nation, it having found in him the necessary man. The story is told about Marshal von Hindenburg that when he was asked to choose what general should be sent as his Chief-of-Staff, he replied "General Joffre." He has emerged so far as the great personality of the war, and he is being loyally supported without jealousy or recrimination by the whole of the French nation.

Germany.

It is all but impossible to learn the real state of mind of the German people. Unshakable confidence in ultimate success are the public declarations of high and low. If, however, reliance can be placed in letters found upon prisoners or the dead, in private circles this confidence is being shaken. The impressions formed by travelers are almost uniform in giving testimony to German determination and confidence, especially of those travelers who have trodden the more beaten paths. In some places, however, a more chastened feeling exists. For example, at Leipzig a preacher, in the course of his sermon, expressed his willingness to allow that victory depended upon the will of God, and that it was within the range of possibility that it might be His will to punish them. "We have been too proud of worldly goods, too eager for wealth, too deaf to the laws of God, not to tremble now lest He punish us. He never errs; we may all err; the Emperor may err; but God never errs."

Divergence is already beginning to manifest itself among the professors as to the responsibility for the war. Up to August 4th

practically all agreed in laying the blame to Russia; since that date the same agreement existed that it was to Great Britain that the war was due. A pamphlet, however, has recently been published, written by Dr. Arnold Meyer, Professor of History in the University of Rostock, which exonerates Great Britain from all formal guilt, still laying, however, to her charge a "guilt without intention." Having subjected the record of recent years to a strict examination, he finds that by entering into the Triple Entente, Great Britain fostered the antagonism to Germany of France and Russia, but was not able to control them, even when she desired so to do. Her policy has, therefore, been not so much wicked and malicious as shortsighted. The professor's pamphlet has not yet stemmed the tide of hatred to England, which has risen to such heights in Germany, but which has now been extended in a less degree to this country and even to Holland, and in a measure to all neutrals. For France quite different feelings are expressed, mingled with the hope of separating that country from the cause of her Allies. Some go so far as to say that for a sum of money, Alsace-Lorraine might be returned to France if the two provinces declared by vote their desire to return to France again.

Italy.

A somewhat sarcastic observer of the attitude of Italy and of the Balkan States has characterized it as that of the man who is sitting on the fence waiting to give his help to the winning side. Italy disclaims such base opportunism, and, indeed, the difficulty of her situation renders such a disclaimer plausible. The long delay which has occurred, has been largely due to the fact that the Government which preceded the present had left the army so badly provided with arms and munitions that it was impossible for it to take an active part. This difficulty has now been overcome. There is no question of her going to war on the side of Germany. The question is between neutrality and joining the Allies.

On the condition of her remaining neutral, Austria, it is believed, has promised to make certain cessions of territory, the inhabitants of which are chiefly Italian. The chief ambition of Italy, however, is to acquire complete control of the Adriatic, a control which is now limited by Austria-Hungary's possession of the ports of Trieste and Fiume. Austria-Hungary is naturally unwilling to make so great a sacrifice. On the other hand, in the event of the success of the Allies, even if Italy by joining them should contribute

to that success, it is not certain that this ambition would be realized, for Servia has long been clamoring for a way to the Adriatic. This claim has been recently backed in a very impolitic way by a part of the press of Russia, although the Government of Russia has not supported this claim. So Italy, so far as it is represented by its Government, is in doubt where her interests lie, and it is only about her interests that the Government is concerned. This uncertainty has given rise to wide differences of opinion, and has, moreover, afforded an opportunity for German intrigue. Signor Salandra's Cabinet leaned strongly to the policy of intervention on the side of the Allies, but on so momentous a question was unwilling to act unless it received the support of all parties. Being doubtful about securing this support the Prime Minister resigned. This resignation almost produced a revolution, for the people as a whole are bent upon war with Austria to enable Italy to take the last step in the liberation of the Italians still under a foreign yoke. The King made every effort to find a successor able and willing to form a Cabinet. Having failed in this attempt, he was obliged to refuse to accept Signor Salandra's resignation. He consequently remains in power, although with a slightly modified Cabinet. As these lines are being written the question of war with Austria hangs in the balance, with the strong probability that war will be declared. The Italian Parliament is to meet on the twentieth.

The situation in the Balkans remains unchanged. **The Balkan States.** Rumania remains quiescent: her action largely, it is said, depends on that of Italy. Bulgaria's Prime Minister has declared his resolve to remain neutral. One of the political parties is strongly anti-Russian and pro-Austrian, the whole nation is anti-Servian, and a general distrust exists of the rest of the world resulting from the treatment Bulgaria received during and after the recent wars. How bad are her relations with Servia may be judged from the recent inroad made into Servian territory by bands from Bulgaria, although the Government of Bulgaria disclaims all responsibility for these disturbances. The inaction of Greece is one of the chief puzzles. The attack made by the Allies upon the Dardanelles afforded the Greeks an opportunity of attaining the objects for which they have sought for centuries. The fact that some five hundred thousand Greeks have been driven from their homes by the Turks, made an appeal upon their sympathies. The arrangement made with

Bulgaria by M. Venezelos removed all danger from that quarter. Yet none of these considerations, nor yet her alliance with Servia, moved Greece to action. M. Venezelos has, in disgust, left the country of which he has been the saviour. It is rumored that petticoat influence has had something to do in the matter. This, however, is hotly decried, as well as that the dread of the German military machine has cowed the officers of the army.

Portugal.

The Portuguese Republic has greatly disappointed its well-wishers. For the past five years obscure personalities have more or less precariously dominated the situation, and have come and gone as the result of underground intrigues. It would serve no purpose to trace the history of the past twelve months, the only thing worth mentioning is that even the pretense of constitutional government was being superseded. The Ministry in power was almost autocratic, and was alleged to be playing into the hands of the Royalists. This has at last aroused the hostility of zealous Republicans. As in the case of the expulsion of the Royalists, the navy took the lead. The army was divided in opinion and at first offered resistance. This, however, seems to have been soon overcome, for in Lisbon, at least, the revolutionary party succeeded in their efforts, and within twenty-four hours a new Cabinet has been appointed, pledged to govern on Republican principles. The position of the President, Dr. Manoel Arriaga, has so far not been affected by the enforced change of Ministry. The members of the late Cabinet have been put in prison.

With Our Readers.

THE rights of our country were outrageously violated when a German submarine torpedoed and sank the steamship *Lusitania*, thus causing the death of over one hundred American citizens, men, women, and children. President Wilson has voiced, in a strong and dignified manner, the protest of the nation in his note of May 13th to the German Government.

Through this act of lawlessness we have been made to suffer "injuries which are without measure."

Our President's action has, it is almost needless to say, the loyal support of every American; and the same loyalty will be extended to him in whatever further course he may take for upholding the rights, the dignity, and the honor of the nation.

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IT is eminently significant also that President Wilson pleads not only for the rights of the nation, but for the rights of all humanity. The document is in this sense one of the most important ever issued by our Government. It dares to ask and to expect great moral ideals from men; and it places high, but not too high, the standard of human justice which should guide us all. Some there are who say that all such appeals are idle and impractical talk; but without faith in the best, or at least the better part of ourselves and of our fellows, how can we ever preach hope? With what enthusiasm and trust can we ever declare the Gospel of our Lord and teachings of our Holy Church—which many have rejected as impossible, which many are now claiming to be a failure, "foolishness and a stumbling block"—unless we see the possibility of an answering response in those to whom we appeal? True it is that we can only plant and water, that God alone gives the increase, but it is to man that He gives it, and He makes or leaves them free agents in accepting it and profiting by it.

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IT was Luther who taught that human nature is essentially depraved; and Calvin who preached a fatal predestination. Catholic doctrine is opposed to both; and the Catholic Church has not hesitated to declare to man the whole counsel of God, and to impose upon him as an intellectual and a moral burden the whole Gospel of Jesus Christ, which she preserves for the salvation of the world.

WE say, therefore, that the President's document is of singular importance, because it helps to bring to men's minds an ideal of justice, the general observance of which would surely work for peace and well-being among all men and all nations. The President appeals for "those rules of fairness, justice and humanity which all modern opinion regards as imperative." He champions the "sacred principles of justice and humanity." He condemns "the unlawful and inhumane act."

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THIS note of the President's was seconded by his New York speech of May 17th. He spoke of the United States battleships, then lying in the Hudson River, as no instruments of bluster or aggression, but as engines of force to promote the interests of humanity.

For the interesting and inspiring thing about America, gentlemen, is that she asks nothing for herself except what she has a right to ask for humanity itself. We want no nation's property; we wish to question no nation's honor; we wish to stand selfishly in the way of the development of no nation; we want nothing that we cannot get by our own legitimate enterprise and by the inspiration of our own example, and, standing for these things, it is not pretension on our part to say that we are privileged to stand for what every nation would wish to stand for, and speaking for those things which all humanity must desire.

When I think of the flag which those ships carry, the only touch of color about them, the only thing that moves as if it had a settled spirit in it in their solid structure, it seems to me that I see alternate strips of parchment upon which are written the rights of liberty, of justice, and strips of blood spilt to vindicate those rights, and then, in the corner, a prediction of the blue serene into which every nation may swim which stands for those great things.

The mission of America is the only thing that a sailor or soldier should think about; he has nothing to do with the formulation of her policy; he is to support her policy whatever it is—but he is to support her policy in the spirit of herself, and the strength of our policy is that we, who for the time being administer the affairs of this nation, do not originate her spirit; we attempt to embody it; we attempt to realize it in action; we are dominated by it, we do not dictate it. And so with every man in arms who serves the nation, he stands and waits to do the thing which the nation desires.

America sometimes seems, perhaps, to forget her programme or, rather I would say, that sometimes those who represent her seem to forget her programme, but the people never forget. It is as startling as it is touching to see wherever you touch a principle you touch the hearts of the people of the United States.

CARDINAL MAFFI AND THE ITALIAN PRESS REFORM.

BY RUTH EGERTON.

OWING to chronic Italian "State railway" methods, it took us almost nine hours to cover a distance of one hundred miles in order to reach Pisa for a special audience of Pisa's Cardinal, Pietro Maffi.

We had seen the all-important Decree pronounced by Pope Benedict XV., as it was concisely printed in the *Osservatore Romano*, and we went immediately to hear from the originator and initiator of this great movement for the betterment of the Italian press, all that could as yet be said of the scheme. Notwithstanding the railway delays, the Cardinal had kept an extended time free for the audience. We were received at once, and His Eminence then told us what could be told. "It must be remembered," he said, "that as yet everything had to be formulated, only the outlines of the scheme had been laid down by His Holiness. If," said the Cardinal, "a good working plan were established within six months it would mean great progress."

The main idea of the movement and the purpose, for which it is obvious funds must be gathered on a large scale from all Catholics, is to combat the stream of evil printed matter which for years past, and with ever-increasing power, has been and is being poured into the ears of the people of Italy, attacking openly, covertly, skillfully, by every conceivable means the religious and moral faith of the Italians. Hence, as His Eminence remarked, "the scheme *must* succeed; offerings must come in; for everyone who feels himself to be a Catholic will surely help."

The movement for a good press proposes, then, to fight the bad press. It suggests perfecting, if possible, the few already existing Catholic papers, and it will deliberate on the advisability of purchasing a new "daily" attractive to the lower classes, the publication of an illustrated weekly and the inauguration in poor localities of the parish magazine or bulletin. It proposes also to establish delegates in every city of importance, and in every diocese throughout Italy.

It is obvious that large funds will be required for such work. As yet, however, the Papal Decree fixed \$1.00 a year as a sufficient sum to constitute each subscriber an associate of this new "Work." As long, therefore, as Catholics say, "We will send our subscription when we see what the society prints," the society must needs reply, "We cannot work until we have the funds." So it is obvious that the first thing to do is for every one of us, not only Italian but American Catholics also (many of whom know and love Italy and deeply deplore its corrupt and anti-Christian press), to send his quota direct and speedily to His Eminence, Cardinal Pietro Maffi, the Archiepiscopal Palace, Pisa, Italy.

It is impossible to exaggerate the need; it is impossible to overlook the incessant, insidious and open attacks, daily made, on the faith of the masses. A long residence in Italy entitles us to be believed as to this. And when one remembers the thousands of Italians who settle in all parts of the United States, surely it would be poor policy, if nothing else, to disregard and refrain from assisting, as far as it is in

our power, such a world-wide reform as this movement promises to be in the capable hands of Cardinal Maffi. There is no doubt that this reform will be ably carried out. A complete programme of what is to be done, and how, will be published as soon as possible, and meanwhile the Cardinal of Pisa will be glad to consider any practical suggestion as to the detailed working out of the scheme.

MANY more letters of congratulation on the Golden Jubilee of THE CATHOLIC WORLD have reached us. It is impossible on account of lack of space to publish them. We feel, however, that our readers will be particularly pleased to see the subjoined letter from His Eminence Cardinal Falconio, who endeared himself to all Americans; the second letter affords us an opportunity to make amends for an omission.

PIAZZA CAVOUR 17
ROMA

April 15, 1915.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

It has just come to my notice, in the April number of THE WORLD, that you are celebrating the Golden Jubilee of the inception of its publication. I am glad to add my own hearty congratulations to the many that you have already received. The splendid work that your review has done for the Catholic cause from the days when it was practically alone in the field down to the present, makes it deserving of the highest praise.

I pray that God may bless your efforts, and that THE CATHOLIC WORLD may not only continue, but increase its titles to the gratitude of the American Church.

With a special blessing, I remain

Very sincerely yours in Christ,

✠D. CARDINAL FALCONIO.

ST. JOSEPH'S RECTORY.

CLARKSVILLE, TEXAS, May 14, 1915.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

In the chorus of well-merited praise and congratulation which has hailed the half-century anniversary of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, I willingly join. My father was among the earliest subscribers, and THE WORLD has been a valued life-long friend. As a boy I read with eagerness and pleasure the translations of Erckmann-Chatrian's *The Conscript* and *The Invasion* I found in the bound volumes; also such admirable original serials as *The House of Yorke* and *Dion and the Sibyls*.

But permit me to call your attention to a doubtless unintentional but very regrettable oversight in the historical sketches and reminiscences of THE CATHOLIC WORLD appearing in the recent numbers. It is strange that no one has remembered to give credit or even to mention Mr. George Hecker, Father Hecker's brother, in connection with the early years of the magazine. Mr. Hecker was a successful business man, and, I believe, a convert of his illustrious brother. Anyhow I distinctly recall seeing years ago in a notice of Father Hecker by someone evidently familiar with the facts, that George Hecker played a capital part in the financing of THE WORLD, and that without his

generous and frequent aid it would have been impossible to carry the magazine through its critical years. *Cui tributum, tributum.*

With wishes for continued and increased usefulness for THE CATHOLIC WORLD, I am

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE J. REID.

We are pleased that the present correspondent has given us this opportunity of testifying to the generous support which Mr. George Hecker extended to THE CATHOLIC WORLD in its early years. As Father Reid says, it was Mr. Hecker's aid that made possible the launching of the magazine.—[Ed. C. W.]

THE advance pages of the 1915 Syllabus of the Catholic Summer School show a most inviting and important series of lectures and discussions. The Chairman of the Board of Studies merits our congratulations. It would be impossible to reprint here the entire announcement covering the ten weeks of the session. We summarize the lectures that are grouped under different departments.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION.—Director, Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P.

July 11th. "A University in Print," by Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J.

July 18th. "Christian Belief, the Basis of Christian Practice," by Very Rev. Edward G. Fitzgerald, O.P.

August 8th. Address by His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston.

August 10th. "Education and Unrest," a Lecture by Hon. Thomas W. Churchill.

August 16th-20th. Five lectures on "The Church and Primary Education," by Rev. John W. Dillon.

August 23d. "University Extension," by John H. Finley, LL.D.

August 23d-27th. Five lectures on "Education," by John H. Haaren, Ph.D. "Field Work in Nature Studies." A daily course at 4 p. m., beginning July 26th and continuing four weeks, by Frederick L. Holtz, M.A., under the direction of Gustave Straubenmüller, D.Lit.

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.—Director, Rev. Francis P. Siegfried.

July 19th-23d. Five lectures on "Logical Theory," by Rev. John D. Roach, M.A.

July 26th-30th. Five lectures on "The Great Truths of the Soul," by Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C.S.C.

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY AND TRAVEL.—Director, Rev. John J. Donlan, Ph.D.

July 5th-9th. Five lectures on "Famous Victories of the Church," by Rev. Benjamin F. Teeling.

July 13th. "Catholics of the Eastern Rite in the United States," by Hon. Andrew J. Shipman, LL.D.

July 26th-30th. Five lectures on "What Men were Doing and Thinking when Columbus Discovered America," by James J. Walsh, M.D.

August 6th. "The Early Missions of California," by Edward B. Shallow, Ph.D.

August 9th-13th. Five lectures on the Bible, by Rev. Walter Drum, S.J.

August 16th-20th. Five lectures on "The Racial Background of European History," by Rev. Robert Swickerath, S.J.

August 19th-20th. "Switzerland and the Hospice of St. Bernard, Jerusalem and Oberammergau," by Miss E. Angela Henry.

August 22d. "Lincoln, the Ideal American," by Rt. Rev. John L. Reilly, LL.D.

August 30th-31st. "Devotional Shrines of the New World and American Patriotism," by Rev. James F. Irwin.

DEPARTMENT OF THE POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCES.—Director, Rt. Rev. Monsignor M. J. Splaine, D.D.

July 4th. Patriotic address by Very Rev. John P. Chidwick, D.D.

July 12th. "The Church and Democracy," by Hon. W. Bourke Cockran.

July 19th. "New York, the Great Electrical Metropolis," by Thomas E. Murray.

July 20th. "The Development of the Foreign Trade of the United States," by James A. Farrell.

July 19th-23d. "Five Lectures on "Social Legislation," by Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara.

July 23d. "The Minimum Wage," by Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara.

July 27th. "Political Vagaries," by Hon. Thomas Carmody.

July 28th. "The Present Day Government of Cities," by Hon. George McAneny, LL.D.

August 1st. "Church and Charity," a Lecture by Rt. Rev. Monsignor M. J. Lavelle.

August 2d. "The Relations of Labor Unions to Church and State," by Hon. Frederick W. Mansfield.

August 2d-6th. Five lectures on "The Economic Interpretation of History," by J. J. Hagerty, Ph.D.

August 3d. "The Subway System of New York City," by Hon. Edward E. McCall.

August 9th. Address by His Excellency Hon. Charles S. Whitman, Governor of New York.

August 16th. "The Banking System of New York State," by George Van Tuyl.

August 17th. "The Revenues and Expenditures of the Federal Government of the United States," by Hon. John J. Fitzgerald.

August 24th. "Frederick Ozanam," by P. S. Cunniff.

DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE AND FINE ARTS.—Director, James J. Walsh, M.D.

June 28th-29th. Two lectures: "The Evolution of Christian Church Building," "The Art of the American Indian," by Miss Mabel Tydbault.

July 1st-2d. Special lectures: "Joan of Arc," "An Evening with Eugene Field," by Miss Josephine Lynch.

July 5th-6th. Two lectures: "Joel Chandler Harris," "Thomas Bailey Aldrich," by Miss Katherine Hennessy.

July 8th-9th. Two lectures: "Facts and Fiction in Modern Literature," "The Saint in the Twentieth Century," by Helena T. Goessmann, M.Ph.

July 29th-30th. Two lectures: "The Contrasts of Tragedy and Comedy in the Works of William Shakespeare," by Frederick Paulding.

August 2d-6th. Five lectures on "The Novelists and Poets of the Victorian Period," by Frederick Paulding.

August 9th-13th. Five lectures on "Irish Literature," by Padraic Colum.

August 23d-27th. Five Lectures on "Life and Growth of Language," by Arthur F. J. Remy, Ph.D.

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The House of the Dead. By F. Dostoevsky. \$1.50 net. *Aspects of Modern Drama.* By F. W. Chandler. \$2.00 net. *The Harbor.* By E. Poole. \$1.40. *Bealby.* By H. G. Wells. \$1.35. *Robert Fulton.* By A. C. Sutcliffe. 50 cents. *The Present Hour.* By P. Markaye. \$1.25 net. *Problems of Child Welfare.* By G. B. Mangold, Ph.D. \$2.00. *German World Policies.* By P. Rohrbach. \$1.25. *The Principles of Rural Credits.* By J. B. Morman. \$1.25. *The Enlarging Conception of God.* By H. A. Youtz. \$1.25. *Par-sival.* By G. Hauptmann. \$1.00. *Societal Evolution.* By A. G. Keller. \$1.50. *Getting a Wrong Start.* \$1.00. *Introduction to the Science of Ethics.* By T. de Laguna. \$1.75. *Children of Earth.* By A. Brown. \$1.25. *Rabin-dranath Tagore.* By E. Rhys. \$1.00. *Safeguards for City Youth at Work and at Play.* By L. de Koven Bowen. \$1.50 net.

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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

A Florentine Cycle, and Other Poems. \$1.25. By G. H. McGiffert. *Why Europe is at War.* By F. R. Coudert, F. W. Whitridge, E. von Mach, T. Iyenaga, and F. V. Greene. \$1.00 net. *Philosophy, What Is It?* By F. B. Jevons, Litt.D. \$1.00 net. *Germany, France, Russia, and Islam.* By H. von Treitschke. *Is Death the End?* By J. H. Holmes. \$1.50 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Hugh, Memoirs of a Brother. By A. C. Benson. \$1.75 net. *The Straight Path, or Marks of the True Church.* By Rev. M. J. Phelan, S.J. 80 cents net. *The Works of the Rt. Rev. C. C. Crafton, LL.D.* Edited by B. Talbot Rogers, D.D., 8 vols. \$12.00 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

The Life of Cervantes. By Robinson Smith. \$1.25 net. *The Movement Towards Catholic Reform in the Early Sixteenth Century.* By G. V. Jourdan. \$2.50 net. *The English Essays and Essayists.* By H. Walker, LL.D. \$1.50 net.

MCBRIDE, NAST & Co., New York:

The War Book of the German General Staff. Translated by J. H. Morgan, M.A. \$1.00 net. *An Interpretation of the Russian People.* By Leo Wiener. \$1.25 net.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., New York:

Pierrot: Dog of Belgium. By W. A. Dyer. \$1.00 net. *The Shoes of Happiness, and Other Poems.* By E. Markham. \$1.20 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

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THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:

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THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, New York:

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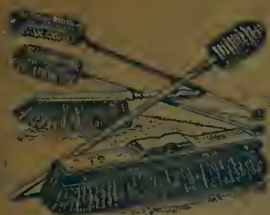
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